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THE AIR.

Like some mysterious, sentient thing,
It throbs to throbbing lands and seas;
I hear it weep, I hear it sing,
In vagrant wind or breeze.

It fills the ghostly gloom of night
With halcyon calm with storm and clash;
And I can trace its farther flight
When autumn meteors flash.

It flings the new dawn's glory wide
Over the dusk of silent shores,
Over the misty hills which hide
Sleep in their rocky cores.

And when it feels the shock and crowd
Of the electric fires, it shows
Mad splendors leaping from the cloud,
Booming their thunder blows.

Or else above that frozen land
Which sends the piercing winter forth,
It marks, in colors rich and bland,
The aurora of the North!
—George E. Montgomery in Harper's Weekly.

END OF A ROMANCE.

Renie Normand opened my studio door the other afternoon and received the hearty welcome he had a right to expect. We clasped hands, and after exchanging exclamations of greeting and surprise, peered earnestly into each other's eyes. For it was ten years or more since we had last met; and we had changed in those ten years; so we looked curiously into each other's faces. Ten years and more was stamped upon us since last we met, but still we stood well on our feet and our hands clasped firmly. But how handsome Renie had grown! He always was handsome, but this, his mature manly beauty, was wonderful. His dark once-laughing eyes now had a subdued sadness in their expression, his voluptuous mouth was firmer, and his curls that had once been so blue-black were strongly mixed with gray.

"You can rest," I said to Pauline, the model, who was staring at us, wondering at our silence, after the first greetings.

I had many questions to ask Renie, and many to answer about those past years, and I put down my palette and we lit cigarettes and began our cross-questioning. How odd it is to greet a friend you have not seen for years! a friend you have cared for, been intimate with, and who suddenly dropped out of your life long ago. You stand face to face with him again, hold his hand and hear his old familiar voice; and there is the same freedom and familiarity in manner now as before, and yet, between you is an invisible space of years, a tremendous void that can never be filled. In time many things can be explained and recounted to bridge over that space; it may even be silently disregarded, but it can never be completely obliterated. Happy you are if you can make the old friendship and the new join and forget the lost years.

So you have been a professor all these years at Bordeaux; but you came to Paris sometimes?"

"Yes, once or twice a year."

"And you never came to see me!"

"What was the use of ringing your bell in summer?"

"That's true!"

"Or in winter; twice I tried to find you when I came up at New Year's and you had followed the sun south."

"I am afraid I am rather unsettled."

"I remember when you were settled you were always talking of going somewhere. But I am coming to Paris next year. I expect to have a professorship here soon, and then I shall dispute you oftener. But tell me who will be there of the old set?"

"The old set—not many," I replied, shaking my head.

"Where are the Grands," Renie continued, "who used to live on the Avenue de la Grande Armee?"

"Oh they? They—went back to England years ago."

"I am sorry; I shall miss them. What strange delightful evenings—nights I should say—we used to have there; and what a strange crowd it was! Do you know I always enjoyed those long walks home in the gray morning light; long, long past midnight, when no sound was heard on the streets but the distant market wagons, the Alsatian peasant sweeping, and the early twittering bird—"

"And do you remember," I interrupted, "the supper that night at Madame Savage's, the night of the snow-storm, when the coachmen, not ours, sent in word they could not wait longer, and Madame invited them, to supper."

"And what has become of Madame—Madame—" Renie hesitated trying to remember her name, "who was Miss Kendle?"

"She's dead."

"Dead!"

All the light suddenly went out of Renie's eyes that stared wildly at me. "Dead," he repeated, and then trying to pull himself together, asked, "What did she die of?"

"Ennui," I answered, turning away to light a fresh cigarette.

"Ennui!" he repeated.

The match I was holding was suddenly blown out by a draught of air.

"It's awfully hot here!" exclaimed Pauline, who, with a woman's tact and wisdom, had thrown the window wide open.

"Are you sure she is dead?" Renie asked.

Sure! How could I declare I was sure to a man who looked at me as Renie did at that moment? "No," I answered, "I am not sure. I thought I heard of her death several years ago, but I may be wrong. I'll write and find out."

"Thank you, if you will. I hoped to see her again some day. She was a delightful woman!"

"A delightful woman!" I repeated. How was it I had, for a moment, forgotten he had been fond of her? We had talked of Barbizon, and the way he said "Barbizon," with a tender note in his voice, should have made me remember, but I did not.

For it was at Barbison they first met. Her family had heard the praises of Barbison on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest from the painters and came down there for a few days. They arrived after dark, were shown to their lodgings through a farmyard and were horrified with the entrance to their quarters. But what could be done? It was late, Paris was many miles away, they must sleep somewhere, and so they stayed that night; and next morning, when they awoke, the family were surprised to find they had slept well, that the beds were comfortable, and, although the chambers were not luxurious, they were clean. The sun was shining; they would stay one day, as they had come so far, and all that day they wandered in the forest and—it's the old story—they stayed all summer. There Renie met Miss Helen and all that long summer they played croquet, explored the forest and sang songs together, songs long since out of fashion. Renie was not a painter, although a friend of many painters, but a student of philosophy. He had a pile of books with him, and read at times, but it was his vacation, and his studies never interfered with Miss Helen's plans or prevented him from being always in attendance at any picnic, tea or forest ramble. One evening we went into the forest, a merry pack of us starting early together and returning late in pairs, and when we returned one couple was missing, Miss Kendle and Renie. Mrs. Kendle was very anxious, fearing her daughter had been lost and would be devoured by the wild beasts. We tried to console her, telling her that probably Renie would see her safely home, and that the wild beasts of Fontainebleau were mostly rabbits and deer. But Mrs. Kendle refused to be comforted, and so a relief expedition was organized. There were plenty of volunteers, and as the night was lovely many volunteered in couples. Hunting horns and a drum were carried to wake the forest echoes, and torches to see the "babes in the woods" when found. The party did not go far; they had not started off with serious intent—only to pacify the mother, and contented themselves by exploring the "brigands' cave," where some were almost smothered by the smoke of the torches, and came back singing in chorus, almost forgetting why the torchlight procession had been organized. As the returning explorers neared the village, the lights of their torches fell upon a couple sitting on the bench just inside the forest gate.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Leon, suddenly changing the note of the solo he was singing.

"Hallo, yourself!" answered Renie. "You are making a great deal of noise."

"But how did you get here?" asked Leon.

"Easy enough—round the other way."

Leon began it, and we all burst into a laughing chorus.

"What is the joke?" asked Renie.

"Joke! Suppose you and Miss Kendle fall into line with us and we will explain."

And the march continued, horns blowing, drums beating, and all shouting at the top of our voices; and so the successful rescuing party returned with the lost one

It was about Christmas when the Kendles gave a grand dinner. Renie sat on the left of Miss Helen, and a stranger, a young man whose looks I scarcely remember, sat on her right. Of course, Renie monopolized Miss Kendle. The young stranger tried to join in the conversation, but was not successful. I cannot say Renie was rude to the man, for he did not seem even to recognize his existence.

"Don't you think it is outrageous?" whispered Miss Tipman, my neighbor.

"What?" I asked.

"Don't you know?—of course, you do—everybody does, except him—"

"Him?"

At that moment Mrs. Kendle gave the signal for leaving the table, and my question was left unanswered. We were allowed to smoke in the drawing-room at the Kendles', so we followed the ladies. Miss Tipman captured Renie and insisted on his looking over the family photograph album with her. He did it politely, but his attention and eyes would wander across the room where Miss Kendle was talking with the stranger. But Miss Tipman kept him at the album. What was she about? I wondered; surely, not trying to fascinate Renie; she must well know any attempts of that kind would be wasted. Besides, Miss Tipman was not a flirt; she was one of those—yes, I must say it—uncomfortable women to have about. One of those women who are always trying to "do their duty." What was she up to now? Talking loud enough for any one near to hear, so there was no indiscretion in my listening.

"There, do you know her?"

"Yes," answered Renie, turning over the page, anxious to finish the book.

"And do you know him?"

"No." Again he would turn the page, but Miss Tipman put her hand upon his

"But don't you recognize that picture?" she insisted.

"Well, yes; it is of the man who sat next to Miss Kendle. I was introduced, but forgot his name."

"But don't you know who he is?"

"No, and what is more—"

"Don't you know he is engaged to Miss Kendle?"

This time Renie turned the page without any hinderance from his neighbor. He closed the book, rose and laid it on the table, turned, and without a word to any one left the room. Miss Tipman and I looked at each other for a few moments in silence. I felt as if I must say something. If she had been a man I should have told him he was a first-class fool. As it was, I simply remarked, "You've done it!"

"I thought it was right," she answered, compressing her lips disagreeably.

Renie went home and had a brain fever, and Miss Helen Kendle married to other man. Why had I not remembered all this when my old friend asked about madame, who was Miss Kendle? What right had I now, after my brutal manner of announcing Miss Kendle's death, to criticise Miss Tipman?

Renie did not make me a long visit, but at the door I again promised to find out "if it was really true."

"She was a charming woman," he said, as we shook hands; and for the second time I repeated, "A charming woman!"

"And he has never married?" asked Pauline when I closed the door.

"No."

"And was she handsome?"

I hesitated, but why should I not tell the truth to Pauline? "No."

"And was the other as handsome as Monsieur?"

"Oh, no, nothing like!"

"But he was the richest?"

"Yes, I suppose he was."

I well knew Renie had only a modest patrimony, while "the other" had houses and lands and "a big business."

For a while I worked in silence, Pauline's eyes were very bright, with a suspicion of tears. I knew her thoughts had wandered from Renie to her soldier lad and the baker's shop that was to be opened on his return, where behind the counter Pauline was to reign supreme. At last Pauline's thoughts returned again to Renie, for she said with an accent of conviction in her voice, "How could she have done it? I don't understand," thus unconsciously echoing what all "the old set" had exclaimed many years ago.

I wrote to a friend as I had promised, and received the reply expected—"Madame —— who was Miss Helen Kendle, died several years ago." This note I enclosed to Renie and he sends me a card in acknowledgment. On it he has written—"Thanks, my friend, for your note. I am sure those who die do not suffer the most."

And Renie Normand is an eminent professor of philosophy.—Henry Bacon, in Boston Transcript.

Patient Waiting No Loss.

Mrs. Acres—There's a boy up in that apple tree.

Farmer Acres—Wall, ef I start fer him he'll wait till I've clum 'bout half way up th' tree arter him an' then he'll drop down an' run away. Could never catch him in the world. I'll wait.

"What fer?"

"I'll wait till he's eat a few apples."

"What good 'll that do?"

"They'll double him up so he can't run.—Good News.

Character in Laughter.

Be careful how you laugh. You may not suspect it, but the very moment you are giving hearty vent to excited risibles some audacious student of character may be taking a mental negative of your disposition. According to an ingenious French savant, persons who laugh with the sound of "A" in "father" are frank and loyal, fond of noise and movement, and frequently of a versatile and changeable character. Those who laugh with the sound of "A" in "ape" are phlegmatic, with a turn toward melancholia. The laugh in "E" is that of children and of adults who are simple, pliant, timid and irresolute. The laugh in "O" signifies generosity and robust boldness. "Look out," says the French observer, "for those who laugh in 'U,' because they are the misanthropes."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CAPTURING BRIDES.

WINNING WIVES BY FORCE, BUT NOT AGAINST THEIR WILL.

Marriage by Capture a Custom Which Prevails Among Many Nations—How Brides are Stolen Among Various People—Some Interesting Incidents.

The late abduction of an English girl by Kurds, and the unexpected and somewhat comical denouément of the exciting story is a proof that love not only laughs at locksmiths, but contemptuously ignores racial antipathies and religious prejudices.

Marriage by capture is a very old and very widely spread custom. It prevails among the Hindoos, the Kalmucks and Circassians and primitive races of Australia, New Zealand and America; but instead of abduction being considered an outrage by these half civilized peoples it is looked upon as a preliminary marriage rite, and as a general rule the coy damsel is by no means averse to the mild violence.

Abduction became so common in England in the reigns of the Tudor princes that a statute was passed on the subject, and this was followed by an act of Elizabeth, which took away the benefit of clergy from the offender, and it was not till so late as the reign of George IV, that the crime ceased to be a capital offense and punishable with death.

Formerly to constitute the offense there must have been, first, a forcible taking and then an actual marriage or defilement; and if a woman were taken forcibly in one county and married in another, the offense, not being completed in either, was not indictable in either county.

In 1804 two brothers were acquitted on a charge of abducting a Mrs. Lee, whom they had forcibly taken away in a chaise from London to Oxford, where one of them completed the offense.

In the last century instances of abduction, in which the prospective bride was, however, in almost every case a consenting party, are very numerous, and their story was helped to spice the pages of romance and awake the lyre of the poet.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to "Rob Roy," states that abduction was quite common in the Highlands about a century ago, and narrates an occurrence which happened at that period, when some of the McGregor clan carried off a female from her home under very violent circumstances.

The poet's addendum to his narrative is very instructive. Having very strongly censured the offense, he was, he states, remonstrated with by a lady friend of his own for so doing, she naively informing him that "her mother had never seen her father till the bridal day, when he carried her off with ten head of black cattle—her tocher." The canny Scot, with characteristic forethought, did not forget the tocher—in his eyes, perhaps, not the least of the lady's charms.

The beauty of women has always been a great motive power for good or evil. The rape of the Sabines was attended with most beneficial effects, for when that nation and the Romans were about engaging in war because of the rapine, the women, allied to both people, interposed with those most potent weapons, tears and entreaties, and not only stayed the slaughter which would have ensued, but cemented a lasting peace between the two nations.

The elopement of Helen from her husband was the cause of the prolonged Trojan war, but we are almost inclined to condone her faithlessness because it inspired Homer's great epic.

Abduction was by no means uncommon in the early ages. The daughter of the king of Argos was abducted by a Phoenician; the Greeks carried off Europa from Tyre, and Medea from Colchis.

Next to the abduction of the fair Helen, perhaps the most remarkable, in its political consequences, was the King of Leinster's taking away the wife of a neighboring petty sovereign, O'Rourke of Breffni.

The King of Connaught avenged the insult, and drove from the throne his brother of Leinster, who appealed to Henry II. of England for aid to recover his lost sovereignty. The Norman conquest of Ireland followed, with long centuries of war and devastation.

Not more than ninety years ago there existed in the south of Ireland abduction clubs, whose members were bound by oath to assist in carrying off such women having money as were fixed upon, the members drawing lots to determine to whom the women abducted should fall. Any sort of daredevil recklessness appeals to the imagination of the peasantry, and when such recklessness is united with the violation of the law, never very popular in Ireland, the principals in these Irish abduction raids never failed to secure public sympathy and private asylum.

An Eskimo youth is qualified to marry when he has succeeded in killing a Polar bear unaided, for the courageous feat proves himself capable of providing for the wants of a family. He starts forth at night to secure a wife, which he does by seizing the first girl he can surprise unawares. She naturally screams and draws the whole village population about her, who, by raining sealskin scourges on his shoulders, aid the maiden in escaping. He pursues, running the gauntlet of kicks and buffet, until he again secures his lady love; and should she once more escape and be retaken a third time by the amorous pursuer the maiden accepts her fate and becomes the young man's wife.

The aboriginal Australian adopts a brutally forcible mode of wooing. When he wants a wife he looks about for a likely helpmate, and finding one to his liking, knocks her down with his club and carries her home.

In Singapore the bridegroom must secure his bride in a race, and this custom of bride chasing is quite common throughout southern and eastern Asia. In Singapore a circular course is marked out, half of which is traversed by the maiden—encumbered only with a waistband—ere the word is given for the would-be possessor to go in pursuit, in the hope of overtaking her before she has thrice compassed the circle; that achieved, she has no choice but to take the victor for her lord.

The water chase in canoes, another marriage ceremonial of Singapore, is very similar to the foot race, and both are usually of short duration, for the fair quarry is only too willing to be caught.

The late Colonel Burnaby tells us that when a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. She avoids those she dislikes, and seeks to throw herself in the way of the object of her affections. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of her captor, who, dispensing with further ceremony, takes her to his tent.

The bride race is also an established custom among the Kalmucks, and the girls are such excellent horsewomen that, we are told, it would be impossible to catch one against her will.—London Standard.

His Way of Descending.

An Irishman who was shingling a barn got too near the edge and rolled off and fell to the ground.

"Oi waz coomin' down ont way," he reflected. "Oi was jist out o' nails."—Judge.

The book agent, like the sailor, finds that wind has a wonderful effect on his canvas.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Question-Asking Habit.

Like most other things, curiosity may be either a virtue or a vice. With its proper use we have no present concern. We are only to consider one of its most disagreeable manifestations.

The English have an old proverb to the effect that those who ask no question will be told no lies. It would be well to bear this surely old proverb ever in mind when tempted to make idle inquiries. There are so many reasons why reticence is wise and right, and the knowledge of the truth might be harmful, that the temptation evade to or deny the truth is very strong to those whose politeness makes it difficult for them to refuse to answer even an impertinent question.

We may have no bad motives when asking Mrs. A. how she became acquainted with Mrs. B.; we may not, in fact, care much about the matter; but it has occurred to us to wonder how, why and where a lady of such elegance and fashion as Mrs. A. should have become so intimate with the humble and unattractive Mrs B. that the one can rarely be met without the other.

So far no harm has been done. As we have asked no questions, no mischievous surmises have been set afloat and no rudeness has been committed. It may be that neither woman would object to making known the origin of their friendship; but it may also be that to tell it would be to unfold a long story of sorrow or misfortune.

Every one detests the scandal-monger, but his occupation would be gone without the aid of the questioner. The latter's motives may be innocent, but the results of his vulgar impertinence are often disastrous. Every one who feels in himself a rising inquiry in regard to the private affairs of others should curse it. Parents should use every effort to divert the natural curiosity of their children into useful and elevating channels.—Harper's Bazar.

A Desperate Race.

It is said that no man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting, as the Earl of Oxford. Among his experiments of fancy was the determination to drive four red deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road. Unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand" and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high" alacrity.

The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steed" to the inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to that his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they bounded, to the dismay of hostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the [illegible] here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton and his lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Joke on an Archbishop.

An amusing story of the late Archbishop of Canterbury is told by Mr. Boyd in his reminiscences of that prelate in Longman's Magazine. It is vouched for as literally true, the writer's authority being Dean Stanley, who related it in Archbishop Tait's presence at a Bishop's dinner at Lambeth. On one of his latest visits to a certain country house in a Scottish county, Dr. Tait went alone to the Post Office to send a telegram to his brother. He wrote it out, "The Archbishop of Canterbury to Sheriff Tait," and handed it in. The skeptical old Postmaster read it aloud in compuous tones; "The Archbishop of Canterbury!" and added, "Wha may ye be that takes this cognomen?" The Archbishop, taken aback, remained silent for a moment. The morning was cold, and he had a woolen comforter wrapped round his neck; but on second view the Postmaster thought he looked more respectable than on the first, and added, "Maybe ye're the gentleman himsel'." Tait replied, modestly, "For want of a better, I am." On which the good old Scot hastened to apologize for his first suspicion of imposture; adding, "I might have seen you were rather consequential about the legs." Then he added words of cheer, which Tait said truly were vitally Scotch: "I have a son in London, a lad in a shop; and he gaed to hear ye preach one day, and was verra weel satisfied."—San Francisco News-Letter.

MODEL UNDERTAKERS.

The Sexton Beetle Collects His Dead Companions and Buries Them.

The two beetles were soon at their post. The first ran around the body of the dead fish until they met. Then they seemed to be conferring for a moment. Next they passed under the body at opposite sides and began to lift. The head rose slowly again, and then both the toilers could be distinctly seen at work. Our original friend was lying on his back, as at first, with feet in the air, lifting the upper part of the fish from the ground. His mate was just behind him standing upon her hind feet, her forefeet, antennæ and mandibles wedged between the scales of the fish above her while she was thrusting forward with all her might to push along the fish as her mate lifted. All in vain! There was still no advance. Again there seemed to be a conference. Then the head rose again, lifted as before; but when it had reached its utmost height she reared herself upon her hind feet, braced herself so as to receive upon her head the whole weight, and thus set free the other beetle, who ran around behind the fish, turned his back to it, worked himself backward under the fan of the tail until he was almost concealed from view, then buried his orange-colored antennæ in the earth, humped his back, gave one resolute thrust, and away went red-throat, "little wife and all." The movement had been so sudden that his companion was taken unawares, but though she was thrown some distance with the weight of the whole fish upon her, she did not seem at all discomfited, but was out and up on her feet again, evidently delighted that more than an inch of progress had been made.

Thus, inch by inch, these two patient toilers carried their load, sometimes lifting as I have described, sometimes tugging with their horny forceps, sometimes pushing and thrusting with every posture and method. In a half-hour they had made less than a foot of progress.

Two hours later, when I returned from a fishing jaunt along the stream, they had reached the edge of the path, where there is a steep decline for eighteen inches toward the stream, and below it a soft bed of sandy loam. As it was the hour appointed for luncheon, and my comrades had not yet come, I waited to witness the burial, or at least the steps toward it.

In a few minutes the edge of the steep declivity had been reached. One beetle was on his back under the fish, pushing with all his might. The other was in front, tugging with her teeth. Suddenly, as the verge was reached, the fish toppled; a miniature avalanche was set in motion, and down to the bottom went the three, the fish on top, the two sextons underneath.

The body being now in place, excavations for its burial were immediately begun. Each of the beetles passing under began to dig away the soil and to thrust it backward with the feet. Soon, all around the body, at the distance of an inch or so from it, reminding one of the hasty intrenchment about some military camp, rose a little embankment of finely pulverized earth, which had been dug with the strong forceps that served as picks, and thrown back with the six horny feet that supplied the place of shovels. The body gradually sank as the embankment slowly rose, the head lingering longest above the original level.

I returned from time to time to watch the progress of the burial. When the shadows of evening were falling, I returned for the last time; a portion of the head was still visible, all the rest being under the earth. In a few hours more the little red throat was lying three or four inches under the ground, as neatly and carefully buried as if some man had done the work.—St. Nicholas.

How the Turks Smoke.

General Lew Wallace says of the smoking habits of the Turks:

"The Turks smoke the purest tobacco, generally in the form of cigarettes. They get their cigarettes from Smyrna. The cigarette paper is not doctored with creosote, and the tobacco is pure and sweet. They have a knack of using tobacco in the Orient which as yet has not been learned in this country. Nearly everybody smokes in Turkey. The women of the harem are inveterate cigarette smokers, and they do not seem to grow less beautiful from the use of the weed. They have also a pipe called the nargileh, which is a large bowl with many tubes to A number of women sit around and smoke and gossip.

"They do not have any quilting parties as the women in this country, and so much of their small talk is done around the nargileh. In the cafes the customers smoke, and, in fact, an entertainment of any kind would be incomplete without the soothing chibouque. The deleterious effect of tobacco is not noticeable in Turkey. I confess I cannot smoke the cigarettes made in this country."—U. S. Tobacco Journal.

Superstitious Georgia Negroes.

The extent to which what is called "Voodooism" prevails among the ignorant negroes of Georgia is somewhat remarkable. Cases of negroes being "conjured" are frequently reported from the rural districts. But the latest comes from Augusta, where Laura Simpson, a colored woman, lies dangerously ill from the supposed "spell" of a Voodoo doctor A short time ago Laura fell sick, and, as she did not enjoy the possession of a calm conscience, mental disturbance was added to her physical distress. That she has been conjured she was sure, and so firmly did she believe in the spell of the Voodoo that was cast upon her that medical aid did her no good. She lay in bed in a half paralyzed condition and refused to mend, though as many as six doctors attended her at different times. She believed that [illegible] ness in deserting and otherwise ill-treating her aged mother, and that the spell is on her and she will have to suffer whenever a Voodoo sees fit.—Atlanta Constitution.

Why He Cried.

"I was thinking," said the bookmaker, "how easy it is for some men to cry. When I was a bookmaker at the races over in England an old man came to me with the tears running out of his eyes and a check for $100 to be cashed. I thought possibly he was overjoyed at winning, so I said to him:

"Crying for joy?"
"Nope."
"Sorry you won it?"
"Nope."
"Conscience trouble you?"
"Nope."
"Wish you had bet more?"
"Nope."
"Well, what are you crying for?"

Then as he quietly folded the $100 bill and stowed it away in his pocket, he said:

"Hay fever."—N. Y. News.

"The Chinese are a queer race."
"Aren't they. What you might call a scrub race, too."

GROWING AND CURING TEA.

The Many and Difficult Processes Through Which It Must Pass.

Tea is a shrub indigenous to India—not imported from China. It is planted out on the estate generally as a small nursery plant in line and at measured distance from its neighbors. It grows at an elevation, but quicker at a low elevation. I have known tea to grow higher in one year than I could reach at low elevation, while in the high districts it would take two or three years to attain the height of, say six feet. When fully matured, it is pruned down to twenty inches, the result being a flush of young wood. This is what is wanted for "leaf," but to allow the bush an opportunity to give us a surface to pluck from, it is left for a time. The leaf is then plucked, not from the sides, which increase the surface, but the top. Two leaves and a half are used for manufacture, those lower down being considered too coarse.

In plucking, we have three grades of tea, namely, the terminal leaf bud, and the very small leaf called "flowery" or "orange" Pekoe; then comes the medium leaf, called "Pekoe," and lastly the largest and coarsest, called "Pekoe Souchong." All are plucked and put in the basket indiscriminately to be sifted out after manufacture. Twice a day the baskets of tea leaf are taken to the factory and spread out thinly on canvas to wither, that is, become soft and pliable. The leaf thus spread out in the evening would be ready for rolling next day. It will be observed from the above illustration that the withering takes place in the interior of the factory, not in the sun. When sufficiently withered the leaf is let down through a funnel into the "roller," which has taken the place of the hands and feet of the great unwashed. This machine consists of a receptacle for the leaf, on which the pressure is automatically applied. The rolling surfaces, which move at right angles to one another, but appear by a peculiar crank motion to be revolving, are made of wood, so that the tea leaf does not come in contact with any metal.

The tea when rolled is received in a trolly from the bottom of the machine and appears like cooked spinach and green. If fired immediately it would be a pure green tea, and would, in process of firing, turn black. It is, however, laid thickly on a table or in drawers for a season to oxidize, and in an hour it will have commenced to turn from green to a bright brown color. This is a matter which requires careful attention, as over-fermenting or underfermenting alters the flavor entirely. Only the practical eye can decide, and it decides at a glance, when the tea is right. When it is comes the firing. Several machines have been invented for this purpose, but I presume the sirocco is the one most commonly used. This is a machine which looks like a very large T, and is known as the T sirocco. Along the top are trays upon which the leaf is spread thinly. Below is a furnace and hot-air pipes heating it, if I remember right, to about 180 degrees. Two coolies tend the machine—one at each end—and pass the trays through until it is black and crisp.

Now comes the classifying of the tea. Three grades have to be separated, and this is accomplished by sifting by hand or machinery, as the case may be. Through the fine sieves we get the fine Flowery Pekoe, next size the Pekoe, and the large leaf remains, all being cleaned and dusted before packing.

This completes the process of manufacture. There has been no adulteration of any kind, and all the operations have been performed in a factory so clean that one might almost eat his dinner off the well-cemented floor. No smoking is allowed, nor is anything permitted which could possibly contaminate the precious leaf.

In 1878 the exportation of tea from Ceylon was 25,000 pounds; this year the estimate is 61,000,000 pounds, while the consumption of China tea in England fell from 125,000,000 pounds in 1879 to 61,000,000 pounds in 1889. Such an alteration in trade has so alarmed the Chinese that fully five years ago the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai sent a commission to Ceylon and India to investigate. The Commissioners returned with the warning that if China did not send better and purer teas from her shores, and open her gates to the foreigner with his machinery, she must eventually lose her export trade. It is to be hoped that China and Japan will one day tear down the walls of conservatism, and open her gates to scientific and modern appliances for the cultivation and preparation of tea. Their export trade is even now in extremities.—Philadelphia Times.

Do You Know Him?

Nothing curious about a flea, eh? Let us see. Put one under a strong microscope. What a transformation! It seems to be clothed in armor "from head to foot" formed of brown, overlapping plates, that are so exceedingly tough as to be almost indestructible. Its head is small and very thin, with a single black eye on each side, the rays of light scintillating through the tiny optic-like sparks of fire.

Puget managed to look though the eye of a flea with his powerful glass, finding that its surface diminished objects in size, while it multiplied them in number—a man appearing like an army of fairies, and the flame of a candle becoming a thousand tiny stars.

From the shape of its head, and for other reasons, the flea is supposed to use but one eye at a time. The offensive weapon of the little creature is composed of two palpi, or "feelers," two piercers and a tongue. When it feeds it stands erect, thrusting this sucker into the flesh, and will eat without intermission if not disturbed.

The flea's manner of breathing is still undetermined, but it is thought to be through two small holes at the end of the palpi.

Sermons by Telephone.

The transmission of sermons by telephone to those who, from various causes, are unable to attend church service, which was experimented with in England last year, has turned out so successful that steps are being taken to extend its use on a large scale. Provided with the [illegible] can hear perfectly while in bed. In a quiet room the tolling of the bell before service is distinctly audible, the prayers can be followed, the responses emphasized, and every word of the sermon distinguished, while solos in the anthem are heard as distinctly as in the church. Twenty-four calls were recently received at the telephone office for connection with a local church in an English town, and as the number of subscribers there numbered not more than 60 it is evident the privilege of hearing the sermon without going to church for it was appreciated. In many of the large towns in England, especially in Manchester, Nottingham, Stafford, Wolverhampton, the church telephone service has come to be quite an institution. It has, of course, been common in America for a number of years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Aches for all Remedies.

A New Yorker who came down from Oswego to Syracuse the other day was accosted by a man on the train who said he had toothache, and asked if the other had anything about him which might act as a remedy.

"I always carry a little cordial with me for fear of sudden sickness," replied the New Yorker as he produced a flask."

The patient took a large swallow to hold in his mouth, and resumed his seat, but in the course of five minutes he returned to say;

"The ache is purty near gone, and I think one more dose will finish it."

He got another swallow and went away, and the second time he returned he said:

"Just growls a leetle now, and if you don't mind I'll make a complete cure."

"Oh, certainly; take some more."

It was about ten minutes this time before the patient returned. He was looking pretty chirp, but he put a finger in his mouth and said:

"Jest sorter gives a little jerk now and then, and if it wouldn't be askin' too much, I'd——"

"Help yourself, sir; take right hold!"

When he came back for the fourth and last time he seemed to be top-heavy, and had a very wise look on his face.

"Well, how is the tooth?" asked the New Yorker.

"Tlooth all right—all right, but I want to ask you queshan."

"Drive ahead."

"Would er same thing be good f'r headache, too?"

"But there is none left. You have taken it all."

"Have I? All right! Then I don't have er headache—not unless I can find 'nozzer man from New York wiz shame sort of remedy.—M. Quad in N. Y. World.

Giants of the Cordilleras.

In Western Patagonia, among the Cordilleras mountains, dwell the giants of whom so many big stories have been told. As a matter of fact these Araucanians, as they are called, are rarely under six feet in height, and sometimes reach eight feet, seven foot men being not infrequent. Though mildly disposed, they admit no strangers to their territory and by stubborn resistance they have compelled Chile to let them alone. Fabulous treasures of gold and silver are believed to be stored away in their mountains, but prospectors who have ventured thither have always been driven away. They commonly adorn themselves with rich and heavy ornaments of these precious metals. The greater part of Patagonia belongs now to the Argentine Republic, Chile holding by treaty the strip along the Pacific coast, which continues its shoestring-like territory for nearly half the length of South America.

Most of the country is a desert waste, cold of climate and contrasting strongly with the richly productive pampas or plains of the southern Argentine. These pampas are remarkable for the strange illusions which beset the eye of the traveler who journeys over them. On any bright day a distant thistle field is as like as not to be transformed seemingly into a forest, while a few clumps of grass will take on the appearance of a troop of horsemen. Mirages are constantly in view, frequently offering a delusive prospect of water, by which men are often deceived but their horses never.—Philadelphia Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SUMMER-SLEEPING ANIMALS.

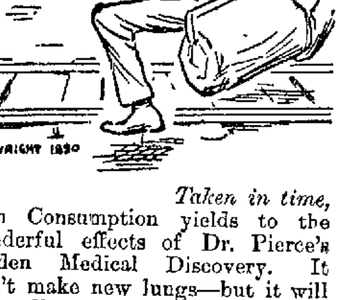
Several Which Reverse the Supposed Order of Nature in this Regard.

Every one knows that a large number of animals sleep in protected places during the cold season of the year and wake in the summer. A similar phenomenon is the summer sleep of different reptiles—principally serpents and crocodiles—which thus pass the time of greatest heat in tropical regions. But that reptiles and amphibious animals natives of the temperate zones frequently spend the hot days in a "summer sleep" is not so well known. Dr. Franz Werner has recently had this discussed in the Zoological-Botanical Society of Vienna, and furnishes the following particulars: During the months of July and August it will observed by those who pay any attention to out-door animal life that reptiles and amphibians are noticeably fewer in number than during the spring months; but if they begin to hunt under large, smooth stones, in holes in the ground, on the edges of marshes and ponds, under brushwood and heaps of dead leaves, they will not seldom find these animals, either alone or in great groups, in a condition very similar to sleep; not, indeed, so sound as the "winter sleep," but the eyes are fully closed and the breathing a little slower. The frogs sit huddled together, and make no attempt to flee, only burrowing somewhat deeper into the earth. Lizards and salamanders lie almost motionless, with their tails over their heads, and even the latter feel almost dry. Snakes are rolled up like spirals, and, as a rule, with the head concealed. They are, however, the most quickly aroused.

The reason of this summer sleep is different, according as the animal lives on land or in the water. Those on land sleep during the greatest heat; those in the water only when their usual dwelling-place is dried up, which generally though not necessarily, occurs during high temperature. The water salamanders are always in a partial summer sleep; those which live in the water during the whole year do not sleep in summer, such as the water-frog, which lives in ponds and marshes well supplied with water. It is generally supposed that our reptiles enjoy the heat of summer, so that, as this increases, they improve in health. But this is not always the case; rather has it been found that many of our reptiles are killed by a prolonged exposure to the heat of the sun, and if we observe lizards in the open air, we may be sure that they do not stay out [illegible] go back from time to time to their dwellings. Only turtles can remain exposed to a glowing sun any length of time without some shade. Lizards and snakes often succumb in half an hour. The summer sleep of these animals is a regular habit, wherever the warmth of the sun annually reaches its height, that is to say, from every noon until about three o'clock, and increases where the rainfall is light and infrequent. In places where intense heat is of rare occurrence a similar phenomenon is observed in those years only. In captivity these animals have neither a winter nor a summer sleep, because the temperature of the cages is kept warmer in winter and cooler in summer than in the open air.—N. Y. Staats-Zeitung.

Steamships Do Not Want Corpses.

"There are many lines of steamships that will not carry bodies," said an old traveler who with many others was surprised to learn that the remains of Leonard Jerome were brought to New York by the Majestic a month ago. "Seamen would sooner sail on a Friday or see a phantom ship naturally, and continental seamen are worse than English or Scotch. I remember once I undertook to bring home a coffin from Paris for friends of the deceased this side, and I was a month finding a continental line that would bring it. I found a stolid German captain at last that took me with my unlucky freight. The second day out I made the acquaintance of a man who was bringing the body of his wife from Constantinople to Cincinnati. We each suspected the other of the same errand from the first. Poor devil! He had had a hard pull getting across the continent. In one place the railroad officials forebade the carrying of the body, but he got around it by hiring a whole car and bribing men to let him couple it to the train himself. It was his wife's last wish to be buried at home. I often think if people realized the anguish of carrying out such a request they would beg to be buried where they die, like Browning's wife in Florence, you know."—Boston Transcript.



Taken in time, even Consumption yields to the wonderful effects of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It won't make new lungs—but it will make diseased ones healthy when nothing else will. There's reason for it, too. Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For every form of scrofula, and all blood-taints, the "Discovery" is a positive cure. It's the most potent strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all lingering Coughs, it's an unequaled remedy. It's a *guaranteed* one. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. You've everything to gain from it—nothing to lose.

It's especially potent in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence.

The After Time.

There cometh a time for laughter,
And joy for the days and years;
But ever here cometh after
A time and a place for tears.
Weary of revel and riot,
Sick of the worldly strife,
Cometh the peace—the quiet—
That quicken the founts of life.

And the spirited is disenchanted
With joys that are bitter-sweet,
And the soul which for rest had panted
Falls down at the Master's feet;
The world and its ways seem lonely
And love at the best seems loss—
What help is there then but only
To cling to the crimson cross?

To cling to the cross that blossoms
With blood for the erring shed;
On the tenderest of tender bosoms
To pillow the weary head;
To feel the love that is glowing
From the heart that is quick to beat
With even the harsh nails going
In the beautiful scarred white feet.

Oh, bird by the storm-winds driven,
Where never a sweet bird sings,
From the wild and the angry heave
Fly homeward with weary wings;
And ye that are worn and weary,
Who faint by the way and fall,
Fly fast from the darkness dreary
To the Rock that was cleft for all!
—Atlanta Constitution

Royal Women Who Smoke Cigarettes.

Those who rave with unceasing bitterness against women who smoke, and who declare the habit to be ill-bred and fast, have no idea of the women they are condemning. The Empresses of Russia and Austria, the Queen of Italy and the Queen Regent of Spain, as well as their Majesties of Portugal, Roumania and Servia and the Countess of Paris are all ardent lovers of tobacco, of which they are also thoroughly good judges. Perhaps the most inveterate smoker among the royal ladies is the Empress of Austria, who consumes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. She keeps her tobacco in an exquisitely-chased silver box, which, together with a gold ash tray, are always to be seen on her writing table. Her Imperial Majesty of Russia and Queen Marguerite of Italy only smoke in the privacy of their own boudoirs. That of the Empress of Russia is a most fascinating apartment, which makes a really ideal smoking room.

It is fitted up in the style of one of the loveliest rooms at the Alhambra, palm trees giving it quite a tropical appearance while tempting lounges invite [illegible] to the fragrant weed. The Countess of Paris will look at no tobacco which has not grown in the sunny climate of Havana, and while the Queen Regent of Spain gives vote in favor of Egyptian cigarettes, and the Queen of Roumania declares in favor of Turkey, Queen Natalie of Servia has a store of tobacco from each country, of which she is careful to get only the very best. I believe the cigarette cases carried by some of these ladies are veritable dreams of beauty, being usually of gold, inlaid with precious stones. Turning to our own country, it would take too long to mention the names of the well-know feminine votaries of the weed, and it is not even necessary to repeat that they are some of the highest in the land. A very large proportion of our "blue" women smoke, and many of them even smoke cigars as strong as those affected by the sterner sex.—Ethel Mackenzie in Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Male and Female Voice.

The difference in the tone of the voice of men and women arises chiefly from the variation in the length of the vocal cord; the longer the cord the more slowly it vibrates. The length of the vocal cords in men and women differ as follows: In the case of a man their length, when at rest, is generally about 73-100ths of an inch, and when they are stretched to the greatest extent about 93-100ths of an inch. In the case of a woman their length varies from 51-100ths to 63-100ths of an inch. It will, therefore, be seen how it is that a deeper note, or one in which there are a smaller number of vibrations per second, proceeds from the vocal cords of a man than from those of a woman. One of the deepest notes sounded by a bass voice is produced by no more than eighty double vibrations in a second, while a soprano voice can give forth a note in which there are 992 such vibrations. The different quality of the notes depends also to some extent on the character of the walls of the larynx. In women and children these are more flexible and smoother than in men. The male voice owes its greater roughness to the greater hardness and firmness of the cartilages of the male larynx, approaching in old age nearly to ossification.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Growth of the Heart.

Dr. Benecke, of Marburg, has made known his curious observations on the growth of the human heart, the fact appearing that the increase is greatest and most rapid during the first and second years of life, its bulk at the end of the second year being exactly double what it originally was; between the second and seventh years it is again almost doubled. A slower rate of growth now sets in, until about the fifteenth year, the augmentation of volume during the intervening seven or eight years being only about two-thirds. In the period of maturity which now approaches the growth of the heart again makes progress, the increase keeping pace with the advance toward maturity of the other portions of the system; after the fifteenth year, up to the fiftieth, the annual growth is about 61-1000ths of a cubic inch, the increase ceasing with the fiftieth year, a slight diminution the ensuing. Again, in childhood the male and female heart are alike; after maturity the male heart develops more than the female, and the difference between the two that is thus established—one and a half to two cubic inches—is said to be maintained throughout the remainder of life.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Power of Penetration.

The destructive force exerted by a projectile from the 110-ton gun has been been shown by a full-size diagram more than forty feet in length, which traces the path of the huge conical bullet through various obstacles, the diagram professing to be a correct representation of an effect which actually occurred. The projectile itself is depicted embedded in a mass of brickwork into which it has penetrated three feet; but before finding itself at this end of its journey, it has made a hole first through a twenty-inch steel plate, then through eight inches of iron. It next tore its way through twenty feet of oak timber, five feet of granite, and eleven feet of concrete, still having sufficient impetus to bury itself in the brickwork, as already described.—Chamber's Journal.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1891.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Auditor General,
DAVID McM. GREGG, of Reading.

For State Treasurer,
JOHN W. MORRISON, of Pittsburgh.

COUNTY TICKET.

District Attorney,
MAHLON H. STOUT, Doylestown boro.

Prothonotary,
EDW. S. STACKHOUSE, Doylestown twp.

Jury Commissioner,
JOHN G. WEINBERGER, Milford.

Director of Poor,
ABRAHAM F. MYERS, Bedminster.

Delegates to Constitutional Con.
HENRY LEAR, Doylestown borough.
SAMUEL C. EASTBURN, Middletown.

DEMOCRATIC MISREPRESENTATIONS.

Ex-Minister to China John Russell Young, who made a world wide reputation by his "Life of General Grant," has been among the foremost of Philadelphians who have been waging war against Bardsleyism and all who have had connection with the late treasurer's illegal operations in the Quaker City. He has been uncompromising in his vigorous and cutting criticisms. He assailed the whole system of interest payments on public moneys to public officials, and in so doing has taken frequent occasion to refer to the fact that Bardsley got interest from the Chestnut Street National bank, of which Governor Pattison was president, along with the others.

Sitting in the Union League a night or two ago ex-Minister Young chatted in an entertaining way on the political outlook.

"The Republican rank and file have no favors to ask of their Democratic critics, no crimes to condone, no secrets to conceal," said he with a show of spirit. "If any 'Republican leader' has been tampering with crime the sooner he is kicked out the better. If he has been in the Bardsley business may justice speed him to Cherry Hill. Republican leaders are such because they have been trusted. If they have betrayed that trust then they owe the party, as well as the commonwealth, a terrible reckoning. We have not nominated General Gregg, Captain Morrison and Mr. McCreary to lead any campaign of 'vindication.' We have nominated them to carry out the policy of Mayor Stuart and District Attorney Graham—honesty must prevail in public stations and that the guilty must suffer.

"In the present temper of the Republican party," he continued, "in a campaign with such leaders as Gregg, Morrison and McCreary the rank and file will not be satisfied until they know all. This business of 'money in politics' must be rooted out. The fear that the strongest social and political influences have the ugly spots with velvet; to save the reputation of some niggardly banker who was willing to skirt the confines of the penitentiary for 2 per cent. to thwart inquiry and deaden justice, pervades all circles. It is not pleasant. It is not for the honor and peace of the state. It attaches to the governor himself. People ask why did not Governor Pattison, when he became executive, knowing as a Philadelphia bank president all about the Keystone bank and Bardsley's relations with it, look into the business as required by the constitution? What influence held him back, and kept him from acting until the mayor led the way? Where has it begun? Where will it end?

"It must be strong and audacious to force itself even with perilous despair into the campaign. But the party must not yield to it. There never was a better canvass. Buffalo Bill McClure and his Harrity braves started out with tremendous shouts against "thieves," and endeavored the old Indian tactics of stampeding their opponents. But the Republican lines stood firm. They were ready for the chief issue. They had a glorious national administration to defend; a city government with a proud record; a presidential campaign to open, and honorable men to lead them. They had in Harrisburg as their opponent an ambitious young aspirant for the presidency—a pure partisan who had made the administration a machine; and in this city a city treasurer a man whose methods maintain that same fee system which is the curse of the time. That is still their campaign. It can be fought to victory."

Are All Republicans Thieves?

"All Republicans are thieves" is an idea original with Colonel A. K. McClure, who has started out with this proclamation in his effort to turn Pennsylvania Democratic and nominate Governor Pattison as a Democratic candidate for the presidency. He has written scores of editorials in its elucidation. The Democratic managers have stuffed a hundred newspapers with columns in its demonstration. The Democratic platform at Harrisburg affirms it in a dozen planks.

"All Republicans are thieves."

The campaign is to be one of calumny. Republicans, to escape suspicion, vote the Democratic ticket, and please Harrity, McClure & Co.

LOOKING TO '92.

Republicans in Pennsylvania Now Well Equipped for the Skirmish.

Everybody who has followed the course of the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph will appreciate that it is one of the fairest and most independent journals published in this state. Probably there has been no paragraph written since the campaign opened which better sizes up the situation in this state than that in which this influential journal said:

"Another consideration, and one especially worthy of note, is the fact that before the people of the state this year the Republican party has acquitted itself with especial honor. Its nominees for state offices have a just right to expect the united support of the party in this great Republican city, and every one well knows that unwisdom in the local conventions would have had a most depressing effect upon the Republican prospects in the larger arena. So, therefore, the action of the Republican nominating conventions is such that all Republicans and all good citizens can contemplate with entire satisfaction. In some respects the contest in Pennsylvania and in Philadelphia this year, preliminary to the great national battle of next year, is of exceptional importance; and it is, therefore, the part of political wisdom, no less than because the public interests demand it, for the Republican party to acquit itself most worthily at this time."

BOGUS ALLIANCE CLUBS.

Within the last few days a shrewd Democratic scheme has been unearthed in the northwestern counties of this state.

The Democratic county committeemen have started to organize what they call "Tilden Alliance Clubs" in the interest of the Democratic candidate for state treasurer. These so called clubs are made up of dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, who, by taking the name of "Alliance men," hope to hoodwink Republican farmers into joining their organizations, which they claim are non-partisan and solely in the interest of grangers.

Now, the fact is, the Democratic campaign managers, in desperation over the certain defeat of their state ticket, hit upon this trick as a last resort to boom their very much demoralized canvass.

Republican farmers, however, are not being "taken in" by this dodge. They see that the sole purpose of these clubs is to lift Candidate Tilden, who has no just claim to the name of "farmer," out of one public office into another. They think he is doing very well in the position of deputy secretary of state, to which Harrity appointed him, for his services to the Democratic party.

It is noticed that in getting up this latest campaign racket the Democrats did not even attempt to form "Wright Alliance clubs" to back their candidate for auditor general. They know that the farmers of Pennsylvania, Democrats and Republicans alike, refuse to have anything to do with the Democratic candidate for auditor general since he figured at Harrisburg last winter as a paid agent of corporations against the "grangers' tax bill," and in view of his well known corporation record.

The latest Democratic scheme has fallen very flat.

A DEMOCRATIC GAUGE TAKEN.

Fairly Met on the Issue of Honest and Capable Candidates.

One of the staunchest supporters of Delzell at the Republican Club League convention and a warm admirer of Hastings, is Editor Paschall, of Doylestown. Though he kicked vigorously against Delamater last fall, and fought "Jack" Robinson for the league presidency with as much vehemency and determination, this Bucks county fighting editor is now enthusiastic in his support of Gregg and Morrison.

The Democratic Harrisburg Patriot came out the other day declaring that "the public moneys are only safe in the hands of honest men, men uncontrolled by party bosses and free from the dangerous associations of those who make a living out of politics."

"The convention which nominated General Gregg and Captain Morrison was less boss ridden by Quay than was the meeting which named Wright and Tilden controlled by Harrity," says Editor Paschall, in promptly accepting this issue. "The general history of the Democratic party is less favorable to the people and more favorable to the embezzlers than the Republican record. Look, for instance, at the nine defaulting Democrats who were state treasurers of various commonwealths. Here were plenty of chances for the Democrats to vindicate their honesty and devotion to the public. Yet what have they done? The one instance of a great Republican thief, Bardsley, is an inmate of the penitentiary. He was promptly put there by a Republican district attorney and a Republican mayor, in a Republican city.

"If the people are to judge, and manifest their judgment by their votes, according to the principles laid down by The Patriot they will elect Gregg and Morrison in November. They were nominated quite as freely as were Wright and Tilden; in fact the nominations were less controlled by bosses—Harrity having absolutely named the Quay was far less prominent in the Republican convention. Judged upon the records of parties the Republican nominees have every claim to support—the Democrats having practically condoned the shortcomings of Democratic officials, while the Republicans have condemned and convicted and sentenced Republican rascality promptly."

As Blaine Sees It.

"The western farmer's instinct is wiser than Mr. Gladstone's philosophy," says Secretary Blaine. "The farmer knows that the larger the home market the better are his prices, and that as the home market is narrowed his prices fall."

What They Are Banking On.

The Democrats are looking hopefully for more campaign thunder from their governor and his cabinet next week, and until then they expect to do very little in the canvass. They are congratulating themselves on not having to pay for a hall for their opening meeting. They look on it as a good joke on the taxpayers to have them pay for the extra session of the senate, where the Democratic orators are expected to do as good party service as though they were out on the stump, with the Democratic campaign committees bearing the expense of hall rent and posters. The governor will advertise the meeting sufficiently, they think.

A Tip on the Tariff.

One of our Democratic contemporaries notes that unprecedented quantities of fruits are being preserved for household use this year, and attributes it chiefly to McKinley sugar. That is correct, and every housewife ought to know that five cent sugar is a boon she has to thank the Republican party for. The Democrats in congress, true to their free trading principles, voted solidly against it.

—Children are just as liable to suffer from catarrh as grown people. The best and easiest applied remedy is Old Sault's Catarrh Cure.

The best reform in domestic life is without doubt the introduction of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Now no more laudanum need be given to babies.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

NO EXTRA SESSION NECESSARY.

With one accord the newspaper press of Pennsylvania, except where biased by Democratic partisanship, promptly characterized the hasty action of Governor Pattison in calling the senate in extra session as a political campaign move. All agree that, prompted by his ambition to secure the Democratic nomination for the presidency, Pattison has gone farther than his better judgment under ordinary circumstances would lead him. He is now playing for political effect, and the prevailing impression is that he will soon discover the great blunder he has made. Public sentiment has already set in strongly against him

Here are some press comments:

Mr. Pattison's Boomerang.

The proclamation of Governor Pattison is already developing the symptoms of a boomerang through the state. The call of the extra session of the senate has so many marks of rank partisanship about it that it is little wonder that the governor is charged with furthering his own designs upon the presidency. It is absolutely necessary that the state should go Democratic to make the governor hopeful candidate before the Democratic convention, and to secure this result every Democratic expedient must be employed.

The governor refused to go into court with his charges against the auditor general. He refused to take the constitutional course and summon the legislature to impeach. He preferred to restrict the inquiry to the narrowest limits, and therefore took a course which is of doubtful legality. He chose to become the prosecutor in a campaign address stuffed with expressions borrowed from the "arraign and condemn" resolutions of Mr. Harrity's convention.

He believed that the people would be satisfied to listen to a campaign address by his attorney general delivered to the senators in a hall hired for campaign purposes at an expense of $40,000. If the call was not intended for partisan purposes why summon the senate at a time so near the election that a careful examination could not be made? Why did he not give notice that he would summon the legislature the day after election, thus making it apparent that the inquiry was to be conducted upon a fair and genuine basis, and not to be subjected, in the midst of a campaign, to the charges of partisanship which are now heard upon every side? The more the case is looked at the planner becomes the conviction that the governor is playing a very sharp trick, with the presidency as the objective point.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Simply a Useless Expense.

The calling of the senate at this time is so evidently for political buncombe that it will fail of its intended effect. It is simply meant to attract public attention to the matter, and keep it awake until after the election. The senate cannot impeach any officer. The constitution vests that power solely in the house of representatives. The house must prosecute; the senate is the court that sits upon the case. There is no more propriety in having the senate conduct a preliminary investigation of its own accord than there would be in a juror investigating the facts of a cause before going into the box to pass judgment upon it.—Pittsburg Times.

Pattison's Presidential Ax.

Governor Pattison's presidential ax appears to have been in desperate need of grinding when he was compelled to resort to the expedient of getting the state to pay $40,000 or $50,000 for that purpose. Evidently the Democratic state platform, with its claptrap and falsehoods, had not taken hold of the people as was expected, and another the interest of the Democratic state ticket. What a great time the Pattison presidential ambition would have if New York should go Republican and Pennsylvania could be cheated into going Democratic!—Philadelphia Press.

A Political Dodge.

As there is already a committee of the legislature in existence investigating the conduct of these officials, and coming as it does just on the eve of the state election, this proclamation looks like a sharp political dodge to make capital for his party. It must not be forgotten that all the developments thus far brought out in the Bardsley matter and the state officials has been the work of a Republican district attorney, and now at this late hour, a moment before the state election, the tardy governnor moves and calls an extra session of the senate.—York Dispatch.

The Governor's Sky Rocket Game.

Governor Pattison has called an extra session of the senate for political purposes only. In doing so he has not surprised anybody who has kept watch on the administration since it entered into possession of the highest offices of the state last January. It has been a political administration from the outset, and every one of its actions has been a means to an end, and that end the political advancement of Governor Pattison. The governor is playing a sky rocket game.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

A Cheap Variety Show.

The extra session will fail in everything except great expense to the taxpayers. It is the price they pay, however, for putting into the executive chair a man who is playing the state for presidential stakes; for voting into power a party that has no principles which can win voters and must play for political capital of a cheap variety in the hope of winning support from those who are too apt to be caught by such claptrap.—Easton Free Press.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are for Gregg and Morrison this trip.

Scratch a mugwump editor in Pennsylvania and you find a ring Democrat.

In order to suppress the Democratic campaign liar it may yet become necessary to erect turnstiles at the political meetings.

The New York Press proposes as a design for the Democratic campaign badge a barrel and a bung starter. That would be appropriate, even if it is not pretty.

Pennsylvania's campaign this year will go far toward determining results next year. The Republicans know this and are not to be befogged by transient issues.

Grangers of the Keystone state propose to stand by the Republican party. They are pleased with the action of the last legislature in distributing millions of dollars for the schools and thereby reducing local taxation.

—"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice to all, both young and old. Don't wait until disease fastens on you, begin at once.

*ALLOW ME to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in the Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

—"There are millions in it" said a druggist when asked about Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

For some time past I've been rheumatic. I recently tried Salvation Oil which gave me almost immediate relief. I sincerely recommend it as it has entirely cured me.
JAMES GORDON, Balto, Md.

Four Hundred Miles at the Crew Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis.

These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world.

The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address WM. KELLY, JR., Trav. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. R'y., 16 So. Broad St., Philadelphia, or GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

An October Tour to the South via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Fifty dollars is a remarkably low rate for a nine-day tour, covering all traveling expenses, yet the Pennsylvania Railroad will on October 15th, run a personally conducted tour to the mountains of Maryland and Virginia and to two prominent cities of the upper South at that rate. The specific points covered by the tours are Buena Vista, Md.; Gettysburg, Pa; Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, the Grottoes of the Shenandoah, Va., and the cities of Richmond and Washington. The space in this tour is filling up rapidly, and application for itineraries containing complete information as to routes, special train service, and descriptive notes should be made to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 233 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

—When you need a good, safe laxative, ask your druggist for a box of Ayer's Pills, and you will find that they give perfect satisfaction. For indigestion, torpid liver, and sick headache there is nothing superior. Leading physicians recommend them.

IS HE YOUR FRIEND?

Is the family doctor your friend? How many unnecessary visits does he make you? How many days does he keep you sick that you ought to be at your work, and so doing how many hard-earned dollars does he extort from you. Would it not be better for you to place your trust in Sulphur Bitters? Try them, they will be a true friend. Saving you a long sickness and a large bill, which you have hitherto paid to some avaricious doctor.—Editor State Journal.

Pleasant Employment at Good Pay.

The publishers of "Seed-Time and Harvest," an old established monthly, determined to greatly increase their subscription lists, will employ a number of active agents for the ensuing six months at $50.00 per month or more if their services warrant it. To insure active work an additional cash prize of $100 00 will be awarded the agent who obtains the largest number of subscribers. "The early bird gets the worm." Send four silver dimes, or twenty 2-cent stamps with your application, stating your age and territory desired, naming some prominent business man as reference as to your capabilities, and we will give you a trial. The 40 cents pays your own subscription and you will receive full particulars.
Address, SEED-TIME AND HARVEST,
Sep. 3-4 m. La Plume, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K. Young.

☞If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, October 5, 1891.

Hardly a word of Dress Goods for weeks past. And a stock here that was never more urgent to be told of, and of which there was never more to tell.

These piles of variously mellowed Indigo Prints reaching to the ceiling here, like a minature mountain there, are from the manufacturers who sixty years ago introduced the first Indigo Calicoes to the trade. The Original Jacobs and still at the head.

There's a hay-wagon load of these Indigoes now on the counters. Standard 8-cent goods. The price 6-cents—cheaper than such Prints were ever sold before; cheaper than they're likely to be again.

Finger a fold of it.
The best cloth
The best weight
The best dye
The best styles

that ever met in a 6-cent Indigo. More than a hundred patterns from little dots and dotlets and big spots and spotlets to stripes and spangles and twists and angles, all delightful to the eye.

A few steps away are the 15c Dress Cheviots, 32 inches wide. Neat stripes, plaids and checks, wonderfully stylish for house wraps and the like.

Black Goods—maybe a hundred feet of aisle, heaped on both sides like double Palisades. We stop for but a single touch—this 38-inch all-wool Black Diagonal at 50c. Price has all along been 65c.

At the centre of the store is the grand gathering of Colored Cashmeres; in the place of honor the monument of 46-inch goods at 55c a yard—worth 75c to-day. The best value we ever had in Colored Cashmeres.

Stop again, by these 36-inch Cheviots in light gray and tan mixtures. Yes, that's right; the price is 37½c.

There are stories of Gloves. You may anticipate them by coming and looking over the stock before we tell. It is complete.

Just to prove that there is good news in Gloves we hint of a rare chance in Women's Suede Mousquetaires, 8 button length, in tans, browns, modes and blacks at 85c a pair.

One hundred dozens now ready. More will be received and opened shortly, but the number is defined, fixed, and cannot be increased. The next lot must go up to $1.

The Men's Clothing men are jealous of the Women's Clothing men. Therefore we give you an advance word on Men's Light-weight Overcoats just to let you know the fine things that the new management is putting into the new Clothing store:

Fall Overcoats.

$10—Medium and light colors, very good and very durable.

$12—Drab, brown, blue, cream, gray, black. A fine array—very stylish all fast colors.

$13.50—Oxford, stone, gray and light brown.

$15—Homespuns in browns, Kerseys in cream and light drab. Nobody would suspect to be other than custom-made.

$18—Whip cords in two colors—"so English you know."

Grave old man, gay young man, plain man, fashionable man. Our Men's Clothing man has been thinking of your Fall Overcoat. Each of you think of him practically. Come for your Overcoat. It's ready.

Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue is ready. You ought to have one: your name and address on a postal card will bring it.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Do you want any Printing?

THE attention of the public is directed to the fact that the Job Department of the GAZETTE office is better equipped in all the material that is needed to do excellent printing, than any other office in Bristol. or for that matter, any other establishment in lower Bucks County.

If so, come to us!

IN THE first place it contains the largest assortment of Job Types, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes and other requisite machinery which perform the work in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

For good work!

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety.

THE mechanical department is in charge of George R. Sherman, an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

For quick work!

WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class. ***Our prices are the Lowest. Full count on all jobs guranteed. Liberal discount on large orders.

The Gazette office, Bristol, Pa.

Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness.

WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!

To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published. Established 1862. I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness. The most complete line of the latest designs in Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kron Priz Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Saratoga, Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons, all Russet Finished Buggies, Mimeula and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phaetons, etc., Russet and Red Harness, White Canvas and English Rust Collars, and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles, and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices

Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

anufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

PERSONS wishing laborers or farm hands can be supplied by calling on
FERDINAND SENECA,
Penn Street, Bristol.

Wanamaker's

W. H. VAN HORN,
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
(Nimon's Old Stand)
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA
Goods Promptly Delivered.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.
CONFECTIONERY:
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Business Opening.

Chas. H. Ancker,
(Formerly with Hermann)
UPHOLSTERING
—AND—
JOBBING of all Kinds,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Orders by mail receive strict attention.
Next to the Postoffice.

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
REAL ESTATE
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed, the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself. If you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 26c. per lb.

BOOZ & BLACK,
—DEALERS IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS.
☞ Your trade is solicited.

—OPENING!—
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

WANTED—Are you looking for a position in the West? We have vacancies for office work, store clerks, farm hands, and other positions too numerous to mention. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, W. E. Payne & Co., employment agents, 1004 Union Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

F. H. WEIK,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,
NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Doylestown, Pa.

Charles Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!
—AND—
Hard Wood Finisher;
Washington St., next to School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,
55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
We have on hand a large & well selected stock of
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Perfumery & Toilet Articles,
White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.
Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's
Ready Mixed Paints,
These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.
We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

Bordentown and Phila. Line.
Steam. Florence
Leaves Bristol at 8 15 A. M., daily, for Philadelphia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf), at 2 30 P. M.
Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c.
Freight at low rates, and carefully handled.

Commencing Saturday, May 2,
STEAMBOAT
"John A. Warner,"
Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 00 a. m., and 4 p. m. Returning, leaves Phila. at 2 and 6 p. m. Sundays leaves Bristol at 8 15 a. m and 4 p. m. Returning leaves Phila. at 2 and 6 p. m.
Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates.

Burke's Express.
In the future you will please find me at the house of Mr. Walton, upper side of Washington street, next door to the corner of Cedar street.
F. B. BURKE,
P. O. Box, 314. Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

The Month of October

with us, is one of the most active months of the year, and marks the beginning of the Autumn and Winter Seasons, with all their wealth of new fabrics, new designs and new colorings. Every department of the house is now engaged in active distribution, affording buyers of Dry Goods rare opportunities to secure the best selection of the newest things, and also opportunities to pick up odd lots of choice goods at low prices.

Strangers passing through the city should not fail to avail of the opportunity offered them to inspect the most attractive stock of Dry Goods to be found within the borders of the United States. Our regular patrons would seem to need no reminder, though we would say to them that all our previous efforts are being outdone this season.

MAIL ORDERS promptly and carefully filled by experienced clerks.

SAMPLES of any goods desired will cheerfully be forwarded free of charge.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

Market Street, Eighth Street, Filbert Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

What is home without a cook book?

That's hard to fancy. It seems to be an indispensible article in every household, a close friend to every housekeeper.

It must be a good cook book, too. Not a mere compilation—odds and ends gathered and scissored from newspapers and magazines—but a good, hearty, generous, all-alive book. One that will make living better, and bring health and wealth in its train.

Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book is a big book, full of bright, original things, that are all good and all sure. Nothing in it has been known to fail. What a record! It will give you many happy moments, and save you many dollars

Oil-cloth covers, $1.75. Sent postpaid by the publishers,
ARNOLD AND COMPANY,
420 Library Street, Philadelphia.

HOUSEKEEPERS!

I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of

Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,

Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites

OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM
$35 UP.

☞Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.

Lawrence Farrell,
144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.
PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.
WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.
The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.

We have been appointed Sales Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the correctness of our measures is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.
When convenient, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.
J. B. YOST, 34 Mill Street.

Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE CURE FOR COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Smithin C. Shuttleworth's Media Academy.
Media, Pa., near Philada.
School Opens Sept. 24th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Circulars Free.

JAMES H. MASON KNOX, D.D., LL.D., President of Lafayette College, writes—Mr. SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher. The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of his faithfulness and skill as an instructor. I take very great pleasure in commending him and the results of Media Academy to all who seek a school for which they may be sure of their sons receiving the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation.
CHAS. A. SCHAEFER, Dean of Cornell University, N.Y., writes—I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition. Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such, I am very sincerely yours.
DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes—I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania, shows that your school affords every opportunity to those students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade.
REV. JAMES McCOSH, Ex-President of Princeton University, writes—I have examined with care the courses of studies pursued at SMYTHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S SCHOOL, at Media, Pa., and I find it to be admirable. Mr SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of one boys well prepared
PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, writes—You have supplied us with the best possible evidence of the excellence of your school in presenting young men so well fitted; and I hope you will have the professional success which you certainly deserve.

☞The Kindergarten and Primary School will re-open on September 28, 1891.
A. N. IREDELL,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
T. B. DOUGLASS,
No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,
Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.
Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.
Metaline Brilliant,
the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.
Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line
Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.
TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY
All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS, THE FLOUR AND FEED Store, Coal Yard, Business Stand and Private Residence, situate Nos. 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 Bath Street, belonging to the estate of Henry M. Wright, deceased, and now occupied by Edward Leedom & Son. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa.

THE NEW WEBSTER
Successor of the Unabridged.
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A GRAND INVESTMENT
For the Family, the School or the Library.
The work of revision occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editorial laborers having been employed, and over $300,000 expended before the first copy was printed.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
A Pamphlet of specimen pages, illustrations, testimonials, etc., sent free by the publishers.
Caution is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as photographic reprints of a comparatively worthless edition of Webster are being marketed under various names, often by misrepresentation.
GET THE BEST.
The International, which bears the imprint of
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1891.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15 A. M., 4.00, 5.00, 7.15 P. M. Closes at 5.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and closes at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.15, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.43, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, *9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12.07, 1.01, *1.34, *2.41, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.41, 5.46, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.19, *10.26, A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, *8.03, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, *8.25, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.30, 9.12, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.28, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

— Council meets next Monday night.

— The old lamp posts have been removed from the streets.

— No money was sold at the Bristol Building Association last Monday night.

—Miss Julia Slack is a student at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

— Miss Mary F. Fenimore and Miss Eloise O. Thomas, are at Harvey Cedars, N. J.

—The Bristol Improvement Company declared to-day its usual quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent.

—The Rev. Charles Maxwell, who was called to the Rectorship of St. James' church, has declined.

—Frank Githens, on Saturday, at the head of Burlington Island, caught with a hook and line a rock fish that weighed 15½ pounds.

— Samuel Appleton's house, on Buckley street, is nearing completion. It is one of the handsomest dwellings in that part of the borough.

—The last ball game of the season to be played on the home grounds will be played between the Bristol and Burlington clubs next Saturday.

—There are still a few more tickets left to the course of lectures to be delivered by Professor Francis Newton Thorpe, at Washington Hall.

— Langhorne Manor Hotel, which cost $71,000, and was to have been sold at public sale on Saturday, did not get a bidder at even $25,000, and was not sold.

—Announcement of the approaching marriage of Mrs. Clara McConnell, daughter of Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields, and Mr. George Young, of Pittsburgh, is made.

—Levi L. Benson, a Minister from Ohio, will attend an appointed meeting of Friends, at the corner of Wood and Market Streets, on First-day next, at 3.30 P. M. All are invited.

—Tickets to the course of lectures on "Epochs of American History" can be obtained at the GAZETTE office, Dr. H. Pursell's drug store, and of Wm. V. Leech, at the office of William H. Grundy & Co.

—The treasurer of the Independent Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Edw. Thomas, will be at Silbert's hotel, next Monday, to receive the assessments due from policy holders. The assessment this year is 12 cents on the $100.

—The No. 2 Fire Company contemplates holding a big fair at the old Bristol Rink, in the early part of next month. The proceeds of the fair will be devoted towards building a tower upon which to place the bell recently purchased.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Postoffice, October 8, 1881: Miss Bertie Brown, Anna M. Bager, Mary Carroll, Mr. M. Faulkaber, Miss May Ivans, Mr. Jesse Johnston, Edw. Kemp, James O'Brien, Miss Mary Waters, Miss M. Wrigley.

—The Bristol club, on Saturday afternoon last, defeated the crack Bordentown nine by a score of 3 to 0. Smith pitched winning ball for Bristol, and Bauswine did the twirling for Bordentown. The game was exciting throughout. Each club has now won two games.

—John Chase, held for the killing of James Mahan at Bristol, on Saturday, September 26th, was brought into Court before Judge Yerkes on a writ of habeas corpus on Monday morning. After the hearing of several witnesses whose testimony was substantially the same as given at the Coroner's jury, Chase was admitted to bail in the sum of $1500. Earnest Lawrence is his bondsman.

—Presbytery of Philadelphia North was held at Hartsvile, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields and Elder John C. Stuckert, represented the Bristol Presbyterian church. An interesting feature of the proceedings of the Presbytery North was the unveiling of the marble shaft erected to the memory of Rev. William Tennent, Sr, father of the Rev. William Tennent, of the historic Log College. The elder Tennent was the second pastor of the Neshaminy church, away back early in the last century. The monument was erected by funds contributed by the church and friends who desired to mark the resting place of one of the early Presbyterian leaders in this country. The Presbytery attended the unveiling in a body. The exercises at the grave were simple but impressive. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. Hayes Moore, of Doylestown, and the moderator pronounced the benediction. In the absence of the regular moderator the Rev. Dr. D. W. Wills, of Tacony, occupied the chair. It was decided to hold the spring meeting at Doylestown. Seven clergymen and seven elders were chosen to represent the Presbytery at the Scranton Synod. The church at Leidytown will be dissolved for lack of support. It was referred to a committee. The new church at Ambler was admitted to the Presbytery. The afternoon session was occupied by the report of the committees and the discussion on rules. The meeting adjourned to meet in Philadelphia on Tuesday, Nov. 10.

—Extensive building operations are in progress at Steele's Mills. The frame building on Washington street reaching from the office nearly to Canal street, is being torn down and a two-story brick is to be erected in its place. The long frame building, formerly used as a print room and a carpenter shop, is to be moved across Washington street on the line of Canal street, and will occupy the vacant space between the old warehouse and the Harkins foundry, the foundations for which are now being laid. The building formerly used as a store house for pipe, etc. on Canal street will also be removed across Washington street. The coal bins, back of the main buildings and fronting on Canal street, above Washington will also be removed and a brick one-story weave shed 241 feet long by 67 feet deep, reaching from Washington nearly to Lafayette street, will occupy that space. The ground made vacant by the removal of the print room and carpenter shop will be occupied by a two-story brick building, 81x28 feet. Messrs. Wright & DeGroot are the contractors. These improvements in addition to those already made will place the Steele Mills as the most important of their kind in the State, if not in the United States.

—The annual election of officers of the America Hose, Hook and Ladder Co. took place on Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, B. C. Foster, Vice-President, R. B. Kelly; Secretary, Chas. S. Wilson; Assistant Secretary, Frank A. Levis; Treasurer, Wm. P. Wright; Foreman, George Vanzant. Asst. Foreman, William Metzgar. Directors, Walter Leedom, John G. Tabram, Charles Appleton, John Kessler and R. B. Kelly. The president appointed the following committees: Equipment committee, Geo. Vanzant, Wm. Metzgar and George W. Buckley. Auditors, C. M. Foster, T. B. Vandegrift, E. C. Brown. The company is in first rate condition. There are over eighty active members, and the organization is one that Bristol should be proud of.

—The marriage of Miss Alice Maule, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Maule, and Dr. William Martin took place this morning at 10 o'clock at the Friends' Meeting House, on the corner of Wood and Walnut streets. The building was filled with the many friends of the contracting parties. The bridesmaids were Misses Rebecca Cooper, of Camden, N. J., Bertha Tierney, of Germantown, Pa., and Anna Martin, of Rancocas, N. J. The groomsmen were Thomas Lee Haines, of Rancocas, Samuel Haines, of Burlington and Fred Otis, of Philadelphia. Joseph Maule, of Philadelphia, made the address.

—The new Bristol Directory has been delivered to subscribers this week. It is a volume of 120 pages and gives evidence of having been compiled with considerable care. There are some omissions and some mistakes made, as is usually the case in publications of this character, but on the whole it is a commendable work, and will prove of great value to business men. The book is published by Boyd's Directory Co., and J. R. Wand is the compiler.

—The re-modelling of the Baptist Sunday-school room has been completed and the Sunday-school services were held there last Sunday. The improvement is very marked over the former arrangement of the rooms.

—The Coroner's jury in the case of Frank Fay, who died suddenly last Friday, after hearing the evidence of physicians returned a verdict of death by apoplexy induced by alcoholism.

—The store in the Bostwick building, corner of Wood and Mill streets, was entered by burglars last Thursday night, and several hundred dollars' worth of goods taken.

—Lewis T. Rodan will remove his plumber shop to the Tabram building, corner of Radcliffe and Market streets.

—H. F. Kelly has gone out of the tobacco business and now keeps a glass and china store.

—Two merry-go-rounds propelled by steam are in operation in the Third ward.

—Harry Londerbough, of Jersey City, was in Bristol yesterday.

—Mrs. John Dorrance has returned from a two week's visit to Boston.

THE OLDEST CONDUCTOR.

In last week's GAZETTE we made a brief mention of the death of Andrew Quintin, of Trenton, the oldest railroad conductor in the country, and the accident by which he was killed. The following from the Sunday Record, gives additional particulars of this veteran of the rail:

"Andrew Quintin, who was killed, on Wednesday last, September 30, by being struck by a train of the Jersey Central railroad, at Avon-by-the-Sea, was the oldest railroad conductor in the United States. He was born in Bucks county on May 26, 1816. In 1825 his family moved to Philadelphia, and in 1834 young Quintin was apprenticed to the carpenter's trade. He attended lectures and drawing school at the Franklin Institute in the evenings. His health failing, he accepted a position as an omnibus agent on the Philadelphia and Trenton railroad company, acting occasionally as conductor on the road.

In February, 1838, he was engaged by James Murrell, secretary of the company to act as conductor of the horse-car line between Philadelphia and Trenton, the first line exclusively for way passengers.

"In December, 1839, he commenced running the line between the two cities by locomotive, via Bordentown and Camden, and without intermission continued in active service until about ten years ago, when he was retired from active duty and placed on the pension list. During many years of this time the line was known as 'Quintin's Line,' and there is no record of any serious accident ever having hapened while he was in charge of the train. When Mr. Quintin began railroading, the usual time for a trip from Philadelphia to Trenton was three hours. The locomotives burned wood and were capable of making a speed of twenty miles an hour.

"The passenger cars were open at the side, and a plank run their entire length, like the summer cars on the city passenger lines. The Philadelphia and Trenton railroad ran at first to Morrisville, and the passengers were conveyed across the bridge in stages. Travelers who desired to go to New Brunswick then went to the Camden and Amboy railroad, near where the freight station now stands in Trenton. The Camden and Amboy folks, thinking they were accommodating their rivals too much by carrying their passengers to New Brunswick, refused to do so any longer, and when the Philadelphia trains arrived at Morrisville, they shut their gates and broke all connections. This resulted in a riot, in which the mob destroyed a great deal of the Camden and Amboy company's property. The company was finally compelled to open the gates and connect with the trains of the other roads again.

"During Mr. Quintin's railroad experience he had carried Presidents, statesmen, Generals, foreign dignitaries, potentates and hundreds of thousands of lesser dignitaries. In dress and personal appearance he was fastidious almost to exquisiteness, being as particular in this respect as a society beau. A feature of his make-up that will be remembered by thousands of his riders was the neat trick of curling his hair at the side of his head in front of the ears, in which he took particular pride. Quintin became personally acquainted with the majority of his passengers, among whom it was a standing remark, that no one had ever been known to evade his vigilance and firm demand: "All tickets, please." While genial and pleasant to his acquaintances, he was a perfect martinet in the discharge of his duties. He was a terror to bums, tramps and that large class of the community who devote their time and energies to beating railroad companies."

CHURCH CONGRESS.

An important convention of representative Christians began its first session in Washington yesterday. It is the second ecumenical Methodist conference. The first was held in London last year. This gathering will represent Pan-Methodism. It will comprehend delegates from every civilized nation in the world. The probable total attendance has been placed at 500. The delegates from the American continents are expected to outnumber those from foreign lands. Many vital and interesting questions of religious doctrine and church government will be debated by the most eminent living Methodists. In intellectual ability and moral dignity the conference adequately represents one of the most aggressive and widely extended of Protestant Christian churches.

PROTECTION to American industries, Reciprocity wherever it is possible or advantageous to American interests, and a sound currency constitute the Republican platform in every State in the Union. They are just as dear to the people of Pennsylvania as at any previous time in the history of the State, and the figures of the November election are morally certain to show it.

MR. FLOWER, the rich Democratic candidate for governor of New York, has promised to be wherever the party calls him until the end of the campaign. The party want him as near his own cash drawer as possible.

PATTISON'S PRESIDENTIAL CRAZE.

[Special Correspondence.]
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 6.

Now that the smoke of the explosion of Pattison's first campaign bomb—his call for an extra session of the senate—has cleared away, people are beginning to see through the Democratic plan of campaign, and are prepared for any other sensational move that their ambitious young governor, or his wily secretary of state, may make to advance the Pattison presidential boom.

No one who has looked into this matter from a disinterested standpoint can come to any other conclusion. Pattison's designs on the presidency seem to have blinded him with the rankest kind of partisanship. To him there is but one end in this campaign. It is absolutely necessary that this state shall go Democratic to bring him into serious consideration for the Democratic nomination for the presidency next year.

HARRITY CAN GIVE HILL POINTS.

To accomplish this result, schemes are being resorted to, most of them concocted and set on foot by Harrity, who can give even the tricky David Bennett Hill points in cunning and crafty political machinations, the very thought of which would have fairly shocked the young governor before the presidential bee turned his head. "The end justifies the means" is now the watchword of the Pattison administration, as the governor and his cabinet sit down to play a desperate game at politics.

The call of the senate was but a campaign device. The sole object was to make capital in the pending campaign. The next card played will be in the form of a sensational message to the senate—fashioned after the sensational platform of the Democratic state convention—and which will reiterate the several counts that go to make up the Bardsley business.

REPUBLICANS TO SHIRK NOTHING.

The Republican leaders have decided to meet the issue with the full knowledge and perfect understanding that the people of Pennsylvania see through the mask and appreciate the deep political game being played by Pattison and his advisers. They do not propose to shirk any responsibility.

"The people of Pennsylvania are just and honest, and do not desire, nor will they suffer their courts as legal tribunals to be used for partisan purposes," says Republican State Chairman Watres. "The people will justly condemn and righteously rebuke by overwhelming defeat any party instituting a case in the hope of securing political advantages, or any party deciding a case by partisan prejudice, instead of by the law and the evidence."

At the same time the chairman maintains, and will insist, as long as he shall be at the head of the party organization, that there shall be a fair and diligent investigation of every charge that may be brought against any Republican official.

The Republican party, he holds, is too big, and its mission is too broad and far reaching to permit any man or set of men, who may be guilty of wrong doing, to stand in the way of its onward march. There must be no hesitation in Republican ranks. Every guilty man in the way must be punished. The Republican party has repudiated Bardsley and sent him to jail. The Republican party is prepared to deal in the same summary and impartial manner with any other official who may be proven guilty of like misconduct. That is the Republican demand. That is the Republican policy as expressed by the Republican leaders and the united Republican newspapers of Pennsylvania.

GRANGERS DENOUNCE PATTISON.

Reports that reach here from interior counties indicate that there has been a decided and growing feeling against the governor on account of his partisan activity. No one attempts to criticise him for calling attention to charges against public officials, and he would be commended had he gone the right way about having a proper investigation made. The issuing of what is looked upon as a campaign address from the executive mansion, in the shape of a call to the senate, is severely denounced. What will no doubt result in the loss of many votes, which the Democratic candidates might have gotten, is the feeling among the taxpayers, and particularly among the now too heavily taxed farmers, that Pattison is putting the state to an enormous and utterly senseless and unnecessary expense.

The farmers recall the large sum, over $400,000, which Pattison's first extra session of the legislature cost the state, with not the slightest benefit resulting to the commonwealth. They now see an additional expense of at least $40,000 for the reconvening of the senate, and they do not know how much more this thing is going to cost before their ambitious executive gets through with his great game in national Democratic politics. The grangers are asking each other why Pattison could not have presented his case against the auditor general and the state treasurer to the committee appointed by the last legislature to investigate such matters. This could be done, they argue, with less expense to the people, and if the charges could be substantiated the attorney general could proceed against the accused before proper judicial tribunals.

A DOUBLE BOOMERANG.

The governor's action proves a boomerang in another direction.

Recognizing Pattison's call as a purely partizan move, stalwart Republicans throughout the state are writing Chairman Watres that this Democratic trickery simply serves to stimulate Republicans and impell them on to renewed efforts to get out the Republican vote this fall. One county committeeman's letter ran like this:

Inasmuch as Governor Pattison has undertaken to run this campaign with the people's money, I do not propose to sleep at nights until I am satisfied that I can get out every Republican voter in my township solid for the Republican ticket.

That is simply a sample of many communications from active Republicans, indicating the temper of the rank and file in the organization. The fact that the thousands of formerly stalwart Republicans, who were either openly against the head of the ticket last fall, or who were lukewarm in their support of the Republican candidate for governor, are now among the most enthusiastic supporters of Gregg and Morrison, will be an explanation of the heavy Republican vote that is bound to come to the polls at next month's election and stand loyally by the party nominees.

GREGG AND MORRISON ON THE GO.

General Gregg and Captain Morrison were both in the city last week. The general has not been making quite as active a canvass as his colleague on the ticket. They were both at Pottsville last week at the unveiling of the soldier's monument and the presentation of the medals to the "First Defenders." They were very much pleased with the attention shown them by the war veterans. Many Democrats among the old soldiers greeted them warmly and said they were going to forget politics this fall, and vote for "Comrades Gregg and Morrison."

Captain Morrison left here for home with so many invitations to visit different sections of the state that he was in a quandary where to go next. Orator George B. Orlady insists that he shall make a tour of Huntingdon county with him. Then he has accepted an invitation to go to Mercer county, where the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Collier's old regiment, have a reunion next Friday. Captain Morrison enlisted from Mercer county and is personally acquainted with many of the veterans who will gather there this week. From here he will go down into Armstrong and Indiana counties.

NON-PARTISAN SOLDIERS' MOVEMENT.

The war veterans' movement is spreading. It is organized on a non-partisan basis, Democrats and Republicans alike standing shoulder to shoulder for "the soldier ticket." The Democratic party ignored the soldier both in the platform and the nominations. It presents no attractions for the war veterans this fall. A. P. Burchfield, who was elected president of the Gregg and Morrison War Veterans' club in Pittsburg last week, is one of the leading wholesale merchants in Allegheny county. He represents the type of men who are prominent in the movement.

Though the organization started in this city it is said that western Pennsylvania, where a preliminary canvass was made by old soldiers in favor of Captain Morrison's nomination, is even outstripping the eastern counties in enlisting veterans for active work at the polls.

This week will mark the opening of headquarters in this city for the State League of Republican clubs. President "Jack" Robinson is determined that the Republican League members shall do their share of the labors of the campaign.

TO OPEN CLUB LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS.

"I think," said Congressman Robinson, "that the League members can do a considerable amount of intelligent missionary work during the present campaign. I propose to secure headquarters in Philadelphia within a few days. We will get a modest room somewhere in a central location and do all in our power for the success of the state ticket. There will be no flourish of trumpets, and what we do will be done quietly and persistently. The manly and honorable manner in which Mr. Dalzell has turned in for party success is bound to have a good effect in every part of the state. His friends have followed his example, and none are more anxious to work for the success of the ticket. The League was formed to aid the regular party organization, and we propose to do our full duty in this canvass."

PROMINENT REPUBLICANS ACTIVE.

Ex-Auditor General Jerome B. Niles, of Tioga, and ex-Lieutenant Governor Stone and Ex-Senator Allen, of Warren, and E. P. Kingsberry, of Lackawanna, were among the scores of prominent callers last week at the Republican state headquarters. Niles says his section will stand loyally by the Republican ticket.

"I am satisfied we will get a good vote," declared "Governor" Stone enthusiastically to Chairman Watres. "Republicans in our part of the state feel that we have two honest and capable candidates on our state ticket and we propose to give them our earnest support. Command me if I can be of any service to you or the committee."

The situation in this city is daily becoming brighter for a big Republican majority. There is no doubt now about the election of McCreary, the Republican nominee for city treasurer. It is expected that the nominees on the Republican ticket will have at least 20,000 majority in Philadelphia.

THE Nebraska Republicans are so strongly of the opinion that Mr. Blaine should be the next President that they have embodied a statement of their belief in their platform. It is beginning to be tolerably clear that Mr. Harrison is not first choice anywhere.

—The international cricket match between non-professional players of America and England at Manheim, terminated Monday evening in a triumph for the American or Philadelphia team, who won by one run and eight wickets.

—John Appleman, of Buckthorne, Columbia county, visited Colonel Bosbyshell at the Mint with the intention of disposing of gold bricks. He was surprised when he found he was the victim of the old swindle, his bricks were brass, worth about ten cents and he had given $3500 therefor.

—The Times, whose editor Col. McClure was on the commission to select a site for the new Mint building, says that "the Commission finally reached the unanimous judgment that the square between Walnut and Sansom and Sixth and Seventh, was the most desirable location that could be obtained, looking alike to the present and prospective value of the property, and to its convenience of the United States Treasury and the financial centre of city."

From Philadelphia to Washington, D.C. A Delightful Tour.

On October 15th the next personally-conducted Pennsylvania Railroad tour will leave Philadelphia. The season is the most advantageous for such a tour, and the life at the capital active as well as interesting. This next tour will leave Broad Street Station in a special fast express train Thursday, October 15th, at 2 P. M., reaching Washington early that evening. Returning, leave Washington 3.20 P. M. the following Saturday. The round-trip rate of $10 includes, in addition to railroad fare in both directions, accommodations and board at hotels which are among the most famous in the country. The dates of the later tours of this series are October 29th, November 12th, 26th, and December 10th. They are all under the direct charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Modern Miracles

A singer for breath was distressed,
And the doctors all said she must rest,
But she took G. M. D.
For her weak lungs, you see,
And now she can sing with the best.

An athlete gave out, on a run,
And he feared his career was quite done;
G. M. D. pray observe,
Gave back his lost nerve,
And now he can lift half a ton.

A writer, who wrote for a prize,
Had headaches and pain in the eyes;
G. M. D. was the spell
That made him quite well,
And glory before him now lies.

These are only examples of the daily triumphs of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in restoring health and reviving wasted vitality. Sold by all druggists.

The Soap for Hard Water is Lenox.

Malaria

Literally means bad air. Poisonous germs arising from low, marshy land, or from decaying vegetable matter, are breathed into the lungs, taken up by the blood, and unless the vital fluid is purified by the use of a good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, the unfortunate victim is soon overpowered. Even in the more advanced cases, where the terrible fever prevails, this successful medicine has effected remarkable cures. Those who are exposed to malaria or other poisons should keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Meeting of A. O. U. W. at Pittsburg, Pa.

For the benefit of persons desiring to attend the meeting of the A. O. U. W., to be held at Pittsburg, October 13th to 15th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces it will sell excursion tickets from Philadelphia at a rate of $12, and from other points on its line at a proportionately low rate. These tickets will be sold October 12th to 15th inclusive, valid for return until October 17th inclusive.

UNION VETERAN LEGION ENCAMPMENT AT READING,

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that for the annual encampment of the Union Veteran Legion to be held at Reading, Pa., October 13th to 15th inclusive it will sell excursion tickets from all points on its system at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold and good going October 9th to 13th, valid for return until October 19th inclusive.

A GREAT COUNTRY,
AND HOW TO REACH IT.

Owing to the great amount of interest shown in the northwestern states, and especially in Montana and Washington, the Northern Pacific Railroad has prepared two folders, entitled "Golden Montana" and "Fruitful Washington," which contain a great many interesting and valuable details in reference to climate, topography, agriculture, stock-raising, mining, lumbering, government and railroad lands, homesteads and other subjects of interest to the capitalist, business man or settler. These folders can now be obtained on application to the General Passenger Agent of the road.

It should be borne in mind by travelers to the Northwest that, among other things, the Northern Pacific Railroad offers the following advantages: It is the direct line to principal points in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington; it has two trains daily to Helena and Butte, Mont., Spokane, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore; It has complete equipment of Pullman first class sleeping cars, dining cars, day coaches, Pullman tourist and free colonist sleepers, the cars being new, comfortable and neat; It has through sleeping car service every day from Chicago, Ill., to Montana and Pacific Coast points, of Pullman first-class and tourist sleeping cars in connection with the Wisconsin Central Line, and vestibuled first class sleepers via C. M & St. P. Ry.; It passes through the grandest scenery of seven states and the great young cities of the northwest; The service is complete in every respect, the "Yellowstone Park and Dining Car Route" being, in fact, a thoroughly first-class line to travel over.

District Passenger Agents of the Company will supply publications referred to above, with maps, time tables, rates or other special information; or communications addressed to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., will receive prompt attention.

—"Listed," as the brokers say, at "100 Doses One Dollar," Hood's Sarsaparilla is always a fair equivalent for the price.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and such a friend you will always find in Sulphur Bitters? They cured me of dyspepsia, when I had given up life in despair and was almost at death's door. They are a true friend of the sick.—Mrs. R. Crague, Hartford, Connecticut.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

A Little Girl's Experience in A Light-house.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Light-house at Sand Beach, Mich. and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones."—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at John K. Young's Drug Store.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles 50c, at John K. Young's Drug Store.

DIED.

FAY.—At Bristol, October 2d, 1891, Frank P. Fay, grandson of the late Edward and Catharine McGovern.

DESBOROUGH.—On October 3d, 1891, at her residence, at Camden, N. J., Eva K. Willard, widow of the late Joseph W. Desborough, aged 46 years. Interment at Richboro' cemetery.

New Advertisements.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE SWEENEY, deceased, late Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN LAVERTY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

WM. H. SMITH, Executor.

A. Weir Gilkeson, Atty.

FOR SALE.

COLES' BOX OR WARDROBE LOUNGE is a perfect lounge by day and a perfect bed by night, and you can put away as much clothing or other articles as in the average wardrobe. You get three articles for the price of one. No extra charge for packing or shipping.

Mrs. Dr. Talmage, wife of the celebrated preacher, says these lounges are very, very nice.

Price in Creton, $10, $12.
Raime, $12, $14.
Raw Silk, $20, $25.
Silk Brocatelle, $25, $30.

Terms—10 per cent. discount cash with order or one-half with order; balance 60 days.

ALFRED COLES,
Grand and Myrtle Aves., Brooklyn.

Miscellaneous

WANTED—ALL PERSONS WHO COOK and bake to send for the Best Cooking Stove in the World. Price $12, $15 and $20. Terms, 10 per cent. discount cash with order, or one-half with order, balance in 60 days.

ALFRED COLES,
520 Myrtle ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JNO. SWEENEY, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Administrator.

For Sale

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE HENRY Sheetz on Wood street. Apply to
J. H. V.
Box 322, Bristol, Pa.

University -:- Extension LECTURES.

—(BRISTOL CENTRE)—

—AT—

WASHINGTON HALL,

—ON—

Friday Evenings, Oct. 9, Oct. 23, Nov. 6th to Nov. 27th.

The opening course will consist of Six Lectures by

FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE, Ph. D.,

—ON—

Epochs in American History and Government from 1620 to 1890.

Course Tickets, $1.00
Single Admission, 25c.

Course tickets can be had at Dr. H. Pursell's Drug Store and at the "Gazette" office, or from Wm. V. Leech, Secretary of the Centre.

BOARD

FOR SEVERAL GENTLEMEN IN A PRIVATE family. Home comforts. References exchanged. Inquire at 84 Dorrance St.

SOLDIERS' REUNION

On the Ev'ing of a Date to be Named

A Reunion will be held at

GRAND ARMY HALL,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Of the Survivors of

Co. I, 17th Pennsylvania Militia, Reynold's Division, 1862;
Co. G, 43d Pa. Volunteer Militia, Dana's Division, Couch's Corps, 1863;
Co. I, Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves, Army of the Potomac.

MR. BURNET LANDRETH, Captain 17th and 43d, requests the survivors of these three Companies, raised in Bristol, to forward their addresses, that invitations may be properly extended.

Address,

CHAS. E. SCOTT, Sergeant.
BRISTOL, PA.

IF YOU ARE A BAPTIST,

And want to know what is going on in the world of Baptists, and are not already taking it,

YOU NEED

The Examiner,

THE LEADING BAPTIST PAPER

It will tell you weekly what is going on in the denomination—East, West, North and South—for it is the National Baptist paper, taking cognizance to the uttermost borders of our denominational interests. But it is more than a mere denominational recorder; it is

A Family Newspaper,

Giving the secular News of the Week, with pungent Editorial and Paragraph comments thereon, besides all the Baptist News and Notes, with Outlooks on other Denominations and Religious Bodies; its Story Page is filled with Serial and Short Stories and a Puzzlers' Realm; it supplies Review Articles, Book Notices, Literary, Scientific and Art Chat, Sermons, Sunday School Lessons and Educational Information, has a House, Farm and Garden department, Market Reports, a regular Washington Letter—in short, takes into a subscribing family every week something suited to the intellectual wants of every member, from the world-knowing grandsire to the awakening intelligence of the toddler at his knee.

Three Months for Thirty Cents.

Send thirty cents and try it for the months of October, November and December; then if you are pleased, we will be glad to have you become a yearly subscriber at our regular price of $2.

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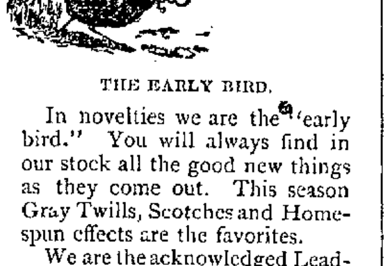

THE EARLY BIRD.

In novelties we are the "early bird." You will always find in our stock all the good new things as they come out. This season Gray Twills, Scotches and Homespun effects are the favorites.

We are the acknowledged Leaders in the Ready-made Clothing business, both as to style and quality. Good goods our motto.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
NOW ONLY
Cor. 13th and Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Best Made Clothing in Philadelphia.

WANTED.

THREE OR FOUR BOARDERS FOR THE Winter, at reasonable rates, in a plain, quiet home. For further particulars address
MISS A. ABBOTT,
Box 212, Bristol Postoffice,
Or, call at first house north of Hollow Creek bridge.

We will PAY **$900 Salary** and Commission to Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to sell our **NEW, POPULAR STANDARD WORK,**

MARVELS OF THE NEW WEST.

No finer book published. Over 350 choice engravings. 10,400 copies sold in one week. Endorsed by the greatest men of the country. This is no humbug offer.

Write at Once FOR PARTICULARS IN REGARD TO SALARY.

THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO.,
Norwich, Conn.

Miscellaneous

Wednesday, Oct. 21.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

No charge is made to determine if your eyesight may be improved or headache relieved, by wearing properly adjusted glasses. I guarantee every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory and expect to win your approval by the skilful and accurate manner in which we give you improved and comfortable vision.

HOUSEWORTH, OF PHILA.,
Specialist on the Eye,

will be at the store from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., on

October 21, 1891,

B. C. FOSTER, Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Corner Mill and Wood Sts.

☞Particular attention given to Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home by practical workmen, and warranted to give satisfaction.

☞ HAS COME TO STAY. ☜

Eber Strembeck
HAS OPENED A
FISH MARKET,
AT NO. 14 MILL STREET,

Opposite W. P. Wright's Hardware Store, where he will have on hand at all times a supply of

FISH AND CLAMS,

Which he will sell at Lowest Cash Prices. He has Blue Fish, Spanish Mackerel, Fresh Cod, Sea Bass, Flounder, Haddock, Sea Trout, Porgies, other fresh and salt water fish in season. Crabs and Lobsters, and other shell fish furnished to order at short notice. Call on him.

Friends' School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

The School will re-open TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

Primary, Middle & Advanced Classes.

For Circulars address,

ANNA W. CABEEN.

SHERMAN & PEIRCE wish to inform the Public that notwithstanding the fire they are prepared to furnish Lumber, Shingles, etc., as usual, and at as early a date as possible, will rebuild and resume business in all departments.

Orphan's Court Sale Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE Orphan's Court of the County of Bucks, will be sold on the premises, on

Saturday, October 24th, 1891,

The following described real estate of the estate of Mary W. Holt, late of the Borough of Bristol deceased, to wit: A messuage and lot of land situate on the westerly side of Bath street, the third door south of Mifflin street, in the Borough of Bristol, Bucks County, Pa., containing about fifteen feet in front on Bath street and running through to Swain street.

The improvements consist of a two and a-half story frame dwelling house, containing seven rooms. The property is well located and in an excellent neighborhood.

Terms of sale—One hundred dollars at the close of the sale and the balance in cash on the 7th day of December, 1891.

SARAH E. HAYES, Administratrix of Mary W. Holt, deceased,

G. W. Adams, D. D. S.
No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide administered. Fresh Gas for every patient. Ether and Chloroform always on hand. No pain in extracting teeth. Filling, scaling, regulating and dental prosthesis in its most improved manner.

Work warranted to give satisfaction.

An Ordinance

TO PROVIDE FOR THE SYSTEMATIC NUMBERING OF THE BUILDINGS NOW ERECTED AND HEREAFTER TO BE ERECTED, FRONTING UPON THE STREETS OF THE SAID BOROUGH OF BRISTOL.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That from and after the passage of this ordinance all buildings now erected or hereafter to be erected, fronting upon the streets of the Borough of Bristol, shall be numbered in accordance with the general system shown by plan No. 14 of the surveys of Bristol Borough, which is hereby approved and adopted.

SEC. 2. For the purpose of carrying this Ordinance into effect the Borough Surveyor is hereby authorized and required to designate a number for each building now erected as aforesaid, and to provide for the designation of the proper number for buildings to be hereafter erected, and to prepare, provide for and preserve such records as may be necessary at the present time, and from time to time such as may become necessary by the extension of the system over parts of the Borough now unbuilt upon; and in all questions of detail arising either now or hereafter the decision of the Borough Surveyor shall be final.

SEC. 3. The Borough Surveyor is hereby authorized and directed to publish as soon as practicable a table, chart or explanation of the system for the information of the citizens. Provided, that such publication shall be made in such manner as may be approved by the Committee on Streets and Highways.

SEC. 4. In all building permits hereafter issued, the number of the building for which the permit is issued, shall be stated.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 14th day of Sept, A. D., 1891.

FRANCIS FENIMORE, Burgess.
Attest—J. Wesley Wright, Clerk.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARGARET MARTIN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

ANNIE M. MORRIS, Administratrix.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY W. HOLT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SARAH E. HAYES,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attys. Executors.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE REDBREAST.

In country lanes the robins sing,
Clear throated joyous, swift of wing,
From misty dawn to dewy eve
(Though cares of nestling vex and grieve)
Their little heart bells ring and ring

And when the roses say to Spring
"Your reign is [illegible] when I [illegible]
The scent of spray that [illegible] weave
In country lanes,

The redbreast still is heard to fling
His music forth and he will cling
To Autumn till the winds bereave
Her yellow trees nor will he leave
Till Winter fills his shivering
In country lanes

—Charles H Luders.

MY PRECIOUS PET.

Did I ever write his history?

No Now that I think of it I am certain that the history of my precious pet has never yet seen the light So I will begin at the beginning

When I was a little girl five or six years old I had a favorite playmate named Charlie Moreland But let me tell you in the first place, that Charlie was not the pet of which I spoke in the beginning

Charlie was a nice little fellow, and in my girlish days, there was nobody like him, but he is not my hero any more than my pet

As he grew older he began to develop a taste for adventure and at the age of fifteen he ran away from home with all of his capital tied up in a red bandana handkerchief, and shipped on board an East Indiaman

I was twelve years of age at the time, and Charlie's exodus nearly broke my heart I cried full an hour and had red eyes and swelled nose all the next day in consequence

Charlie was absent seven years When he returned to Barbush, he came over to see us the first of all, after his own family He was a man now—tall, bearded and bronzed and I couldn t play "jackstraws" nor horse" with him any more

We were both of us, surprised to find we were not little boy and girl, as we used to be And we were both of us sorry I do believe

Just as Charley was taking his leave, he said 'I brought you something from the Indies Maggie—I mean Miss Chorleigh—but I hardly dare offer it, now that you are a young lady "

'Indeed, Charlie!" I replied "Why, you ought to know that anything you could bring me would be acceptable!

He looked gratified and said he would fetch it over the next day I waited with the greatest impatience What could it be? Cousin Belle Hayne from New York, who was visiting us said it could be no less than a camel's hair shawl, but papa insisted that it must be either a wax doll, or a new edition of 'Cock Robin," just translated from the original

Well, it came the next day Charlie brought it over And what was it? Why, the blackest little monkey that you ever set eyes on!

I was surprised first; then delighted I had heard so many funny stories of the doings of monkeys, that I anticipated a continual fund of amusement from the tricks of my Shylock—that was his name—and I thanked Charlie so much that the fellow actually came to the conclusion that he had done a good thing by importing that monkey

His ship sailed a week afterward and I was left in undisputed possession of Shylock At that epoch the trials of my life began

My precious pet soon grew attached to me in his own peculiar way but he never yielded a single freak to my wishes I might as well have tried to get obedience from the north wind as from him He seemed especially delighted with doing just what would irritate me the most The little rascal knew, evidently that let his transgressions be ever so broad, his punishment would be light

To the neighborhood he was at once a nuisance and amusement Almost everybody was afraid of him, but still they liked to see his comical tricks played off on somebody else

One autumn evening the Sewing Society met at our house Elder Busby a good old man celebrated for his long-winded prayers, was present, of course Elder Busby must pray and we all resigned ourselves to be martyrs for the next two hours Shylock was in the room when the petition began, and I knew by the expression of his little black face that mischief was brewing.

Just as the elder had consigned us all to everlasting perdition, modified by certain sectarian conditions (a proceeding by the way which he always seemed to take particular delight in) there was a singular, rumbling shuffling sound in the direction of the chimney—we had an open fireplace Another second, and down the flue in a cloud of soot and ashes, came a black and white fluttering object that I recognized as mother's Shanghai rooster, obtained by her at considerable trouble and expense

The music that came from the poor bird's throat was most terribly indescribable, and the audience were frightened out of all sense of decorum The women shrieked—the men looked around for their hats, and the celestial visitant, thinking, probably, the firelight was the daybreak, hopped upon the bald head of the elder and crowed lustily The elder sprang to his feet, gave one look at the bold intruder, and, hatless as he was, fled from the house to which he did not return that night. Miss Periwinkle fainted, and honest but bungling John Jones got her everlasting enmity by flinging cold water in her face, which washed the paint off, and left her fair skin three shades darker than usual.

I managed to explain things at last, the monkey was at the bottom of it, and very soon he made his appearance meek and innocent but with here and there a suspicious feather sticking in his wool

The next day Dr Huntom, an admirer of my sister Clara, called The was a man of 35 or 40, remarkably young looking and possessing the most abundant hair of any one I have ever seen

I was sitting in a recess of the parlor, and the visitor failed to observe me—but not considering it worth while to show myself, I went on with my book

The passionate tone of the doctor s voice arrested my attention, and warned me that I had better be somewhere else, but I could not reach that wished-for spot without being seen by the devoted couple—so I judged it best to keep quiet

'My dearest girl" began the doctor' "I have long admired you above all others, and you must have guessed the meaning of my attention!"

Clara was blushing and toying with the rings on her finger The doctor leaned toward her, his arm half encircling her waist; and just then, to my infinite horror, I perceived Shylock climbing the back of the lover's chair with the utmost caution The doctor gave utterance to the words, "Will you be mine?' when the monkey's long paw dexteriously removed the most cunningly-made "scratch" from the head of the absorbed gentleman, leaving a spot, the size of a teacup, bald, and polished as the top of a marble table

Clara screamed with horror. The doctor put up his hand, and discovering his loss, turned to wreak his vengeance on the guilty one—turned just in time to see Shylock disappearing through the window, his round head adorned with the profuse hair that had been one of Dr Huntom's chiefest attractions

As might have been expected, the doctor left without an answer to his question and Clara accepted Will Adams the very next day.

About this time, a vacant farm next to our own was purchased by a gentleman from a distant state—the Hon Zebulm Chester. The Elms was originally a fine place, and, under the direction of its new proprietor, it grew absolutely beautiful The old stone house was remodelled, and furnished with the costliest modern furniture, the grounds were laid out with elegance and taste, and, as the spring opened, the Hon Zebulm removed thither

Zebulm! How I did laugh at the name and at the gentleman, too! He was so grave, and stately, and self-possessed But he was a perfect gentleman—handsome, travelled, and—the gossips said—"a splendid catch!" But then, his name Only fancy a wife calling out to her husband, 'Dear Zebby!"

From the very first, Shylock took a strong liking to this man I hardly know why He was not given to forming new attachments but he persisted in visiting The Elms every day on the most familiar footing Almost invariably he [illegible] something by way of propitiation [illegible] apple, a piece of pie a doughnut or something of that kind which he would gravely deposit in Mr Chester's hand

After awhile he took to a new species of offerings, and conveyed to our amused neighbor my shoes bonnets gloves jewelry etc with the greatest liberality

Mr Chester declared he had enough of my wardrobe to set him up as a fine lady any time he chose to make the metamorphosis

At one period I had Mr Chester s bootjack, dressing gown, a flute, shaving case, and meerschaum all at once and he was in possession of my slippers three pair of undersleeves, a sontag two bosom pins and my best embroidered night cap

I got so that I fairly hated the man, or thought I did which amounted to the same thing Our family took to teasing me the most mercilessly about him and if anything will make a woman despise a man it is to be accused of having 'designs' on him.

Papa insisted upon it that Mr Chester had engaged Shylock as diplomat to arrange the marriage settlement and that he was generous enough to endow me with his goods before the performance of the ceremony

One night when they had carried the thing beyond all bounds some of the young people of the vicinity being present I was provoked to do something daring

I just wanted to convince them all that, in spite of the monkey express line between us, I did not care a fig for Mr Chester

So I made a sketch of the Hon Zebulm—I was only too clever with my pencil—riding a donkey, and underneath was the inscription

"A PAIR OF EM

There was no particular wit in the caricature but the likeness was unmistakable I have the drawing before me now and must be pardoned the egotism of saying that Mr Chester s personnel was perfect, but the donkey s ears, at this late day strike me as rather too long and his frame a little too angular for a respectable beast

We all laughed at it, of course and afterward threw it aside, and for the time, it passed entirely out of my mind

A day or two afterward I was in the garden, which joined Mr Chester s, when, suddenly there shot past me the most grotesque object I had ever seen A second glance revealed Shylock invested in my new crinoline, minus all drapery my lace fichu over his shoulders my love of a bonnet' perched on his head and my $15 parasol in one paw and in the other—good gracious' it was that very identical scrap of paper on which I had sketched "A Pair-of-em! And he was going right in the direction of Mr Chester s

I called frantically for him to stop but he only grinned, and wiggled on as affected as any Broadway belle Shylock must have seen society somewhere, or he never could have assumed that fashionable mien

Mr Chester sat smoking on the piazza Shylock saw him and quickened his pace My face grew dreadfully hot I would have given my pearl set to have laid my hands on that terrible scrap of paper! I started to run after the little wretch He bounded over the fence and struck for Mr Chester I gained upon him His new style of rig somewhat impeded his progress and for a moment I cherished the delusive hope that I might capture him in season to prevent the fatal disclosure

I exerted myself to the utmost and succeeded in grasping the last spring of his skirt just as he put the drawing into Mr Chester s hand I thought I should sink with shame If my nerves had been in the least weak I should have fainted away like the heroines in five-volume novels

Mr Chester looked at the vile sheet His face flushed slowly, but there was no other exhibition of emotion I respected him enough then

'A good representation!' he said holding it off 'Thank you Shylock It is equal to a photograph Allow me to inquire Miss Chorleigh if the conception of the four-footed character was original or borrowed?

I burst into tears If it had been to have saved my neck from the hemp, I couldn t help it He was so coolly sarcastic and looked down upon me from such an immense height!

He lifted me up and carried me into the sitting room, still holding his arm around me

'Margaret what are you crying for? Is it because I have seen the drawing or because you are sorry that you made it?'

'Oh! how can you ask?' I began, impetuously 'I despise myself too thoroughly to need your scorn! But if you only knew how they have all provoked and teased me with—with—" and here I broke down

'With what, Margaret?'

'With having designs on you There, I have said it; and I thought I would show them that I didn t care!"

'And did you care! His arm tightened around me, and really, what is the use of telling all one knows to everybody? But Mr Chester is a tyrant and forced me to a full confession

He patted Shylock on the head and said he was our best friend

And now that we are married we keep Shylock still, the very apple of our eyes, though old and gray

Charlie Moreland is married and has a half dozen little Morelands around his table, and the oldest is christened Margaret

I am happy, but I never call my husband Zebulm, and sometimes I think he never would have been mine but for my precious pet

The Distribution of Ability.

The oldest communities with the largest white population have been most prolific in ability of all kinds At the same time this rule is by no means absolute in its application In Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut the percentage of ability in proportion to the total white population is higher than in the two other leading States New York and Pennsylvania In proportion to its population, Connecticut leads every other State in the total amount of ability In the matter of groups not only the absolute amount of ability, but the percentage in proportion to population is higher in the New England and Middle States than in those of the South and West, outside Maryland and Virginia

Even more interesting than the percentages shown by the totals is the distribution by occupation There are eighteen departments enumerated in which distinction has been achieved New York leads in eight, soldiers lawyers, artists navy business, engineers architects and actors, Massachusetts leads in eight also; clergy, physicians, literature, science educators, philanthropy, inventors, and musicians; while Virginia leads in the remaining two, statesmen and pioneers

This table also shows that the production of ability has been remarkably concentrated, and has been confined, on the whole, to comparatively few States A few comparisons will prove this Two States Massachusetts and New York, have furnished more than a third of the ability of the entire country Three—Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania—have supplied almost exactly one-half, and five, Massachusetts New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Virginia, have produced two-thirds of the total amount In the arrangements by groups, we find that the New England group, and that formed of the four Middle States, must each be credited with more than a third of the ability produced. The six New England and the four Middle States furnish together almost exactly three-quarters of the ability of the country If Virginia be omitted, it also appears that Massachusetts alone has furnished a little more, and New York a trifle less ability than all the Southern and Western States together—that is, than twenty States and the District of Columbia. In the Western States the wide difference which exists is owing of course, in a large measure to their very recent settlement, for which proper allowance must be made in drawing any deductions from the figures in the tables.—Henry Cabot Lodge in the Century.

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

EDITED BY MARGERY DAW.

[Copyright 1891 by The United Press.]

FLOWERS

Are you fond of flowers? I think so I have rarely seen a child who does not love them In their beauty and purity they make sweet friends, and if they cannot carry on conversations with us they say very plainly 'See! I am bright and glad just to live I should like to make you happy It is my mission to do so I cannot see myself or enjoy my own perfume I bloom and wear my brightest colors only for you God made me, and made me beautiful for your enjoyment—nothing else '

Perchance you, my reader, live in the country where some flower or other is in bloom for six months of the year Then you are so used to the sight of green leaves and bright blossoms that you hardly know how much you do care for them until you have spent some time in the city where there is only a bit of greenness now and then—and this in one of the 'squares Then you will long for a sight of the persistent little daisy, of which the farmer labors to destroy the root, the brake which the city people called 'ferns" and which you thought was so funny

While all the fine things one can have in the city, there must be paved streets and sidewalks and no front yard at all

If there is nothing green except in the parks and I think the city children have a feeling that something is missing in their lives I have seen many a little ragamuffin who looked as though he needed food more than flowers, ask a lady for 'a flower, please,' from her corsage bouquet Only last week I noticed a little fellow seven or eight, barefooted, dirty-faced, hatless, staring at me as I was going along the street

Finally he plucked up courage and pointing to the roses I was wearing said bashfully Misses' (they never say 'Miss) won t yer please give me a flower?" 'Do you mean a flower?" Yes m, I want it for mi mutmer" He stretched out his grimy fist almost snatched the flower which I offered, and stuck it in the buttonhole of his buttonless shirt I was glad enough to let him have it for I thought it was nice of him to want to give a pleasure to his mother—who is, very likely a hard-working washerwoman

There are a good many pretty stories about the origin of flowers The one I have in mind—it is only a legend—is the Turkish belief about the beginning of the rose It is their sacred flower as hallowed as a Catholic s rosary Mahomet an Arabian prophet and teacher founded the religion of the Arabians and Persians It is called Mahometanism or Mohammedanism and the prophet holds the same relation to the people of those Eastern countries that Jesus the Christ has among Christians

Well the followers of Mahomet believe that the rose plant sprang from a drop of his blood in fact that every beautiful thing in Nature came from him After the Turks had conquered Granada they would not worship in any church until the walls had been purified by being washed in rose water—the blood of their prophet A Turk who feels conscience-stricken will caress and worship a rose until he feels himself forgiven

The flower is never plucked except for making rose-water, or for great state occasions

To cut it for mere ornamentation as we do, would be most sacrilegious to them

SOME THINGS A SMALL BOY DID

Elwin Nathaniel Hodges when he was a boy, was a pretty little fellow with golden curls One nice one used to lie lengthwise on the top of his head, making you think of a little yellow ocean wave standing still Being no every-day sort of a boy (and not a Fauntleroy at all) he tired of being petted patted and admired, and making everybody think of a picture book So he determined to stop such nonsense" One day he took the big shears went up in the attic and in about a jiffy the top of his head looked and felt like Fido s He was a little scared when he found what he had done but he came down stairs and walked into his mother s sitting room with his lips tightly closed what was left of his curls waving on either side of his chubby face

Winnie as everybody called him, felt something hurt him when his mother cried and said Oh Winnie how could you do it?' But when his sister scolded he pouted and said savagely, 'Well, I ain't a picture book"

After that nobody patted the top of his head again (they would have been scratched if they had) and more than one stranger laughed aloud at the sight of his semi-shaved little head In a few days it got so that he would run to the mirror the first thing in the morning to see if the curl hadn't come back in the night but he was always disappointed for it didn t seem to grow at all

After he had been called more disagreeable things than Fauntleroy' by his playmates, and laughed at by strangers for eight days his little chagrined head, could bear it no longer, and one day he laid it in his mother's lap with a heartbroken sigh exclaiming Mamma I'm s—s— sorry I did it I don t w—w— want to have people say I m a (a big sob)——monkey, I d rather b— b— be a picture-book '

(After a pause and a little shamefacedly) "And I wished I d asked yer first to please c— c— cut it off *a l— little all round* "

Another time he was younger then, he had to be punished for painting with his colors the pictures in one of his father's fine books which was kept on the parlor table

He stoutly maintained that he wasn't sorry and that the pictures looked 'prettier," he had made green cats, putty mountains blue cars and red angels, so his mother put him in the dining room closet and said he must stay there until he was sorry

After fifteen minutes she asked, 'are you sorry Winnie?" "No, I ain't ' In ten minutes more 'are you sorry now" More determined and without a trace of a sob 'No I ain't a bit"

Then all was perfectly still for some time and his mother, fearing he was stifled or something awful had happened, opened the door, and nothing but his heels could she see Where was the rest of him? In a big jar of plum preserves Balancing himself on the edge his heels sticking up, his head in the jar, with both hands he was scooping the fruit up and putting it into his mouth From the top of his head to his waist he was completely stuck up

After that performance he was soaked clean and sent up to his mother s chamber to repent

There he was told not to stir out of a certain chair, and he didn't But he amused himself with striking matches, these set the curtains on fire, and the engines had to come before it was put out. I don't know how he was punished then

What do you think should have been done to him?

CONSUMPTION

in its early stages can be cured by the prompt use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It soothes the inflamed tissues, aids expectoration, and hastens recovery.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

Lowell, Mass.

FASHION'S GAY WORLD.

CRISP COMMENTS ON THE FANCIES AND FADS OF THE DAY.

Points on Prevailing and Coming Styles New Ideas in Gowns and Dresses—What Society Indorses—Some Bits of Personal Mention.

[Copyright 1891 by The United Press]

There is a pretty new toque which I notice quite frequently at the early fall operas It is called the 'Frances," I presume after the late President of the White House society, It is pointed in front with two tiny quirks at the sides; just apologies for turnups Velvet shirrings make the crevices attractive and tiny loops of light grey ribbon with a feathered edge give a finished appearance

* * *

A great deal of attention is being paid to underskirts, in fact more attention than is absolutely necessary The pretty belles who pucker up their brows endeavoring to think up a new scheme for a petticoat forget that the abominable long trains will not allow of the petticoat showing the least bit of its beauty, and the long top boots which have come lately into favor, too, shut out the petticoat from the vulgar gaze The summer is gone, and so has the reign of the petticoat

* * *

Long scarf chiffon lingerie is still liked for cool gowns Its very touch is artistic if such a thing is possible I was quite interested yesterday to hear a girl friend of mine say, 'I really think the physical feelings have a great deal to do with the ideal Now we women get an idea of a lovely woman in our minds and we think it over until we try to make ourselves like her we do reach the point of being her as near as we can Such ideal women may be mostly style, mostly intellect or mostly pets of men but nevertheless I hold that they are ideals Saying that my ideal woman is a woman of style and in imitating her I acquire style I dress and make myself look like a picture so that my physical, mental and spiritual longings are at rest Is there anything wrong in such an ideal existence ' I confess it did seem like sophistry but I could not answer her 'Well " she replied, 'I know loads of such women who have more of the art and ideality of dressing up than they have of vanity, selfishness or immorality

* * *

"Half-hose, how horrible!"

I heard a woman say to a clerk in Redfern s 'surely it will never gain favor Why it would be dreadful

"I know, ma'am, he said, "but the Duchess of Fife, she who be a Scotch Earl s wife, she has set the style of half-hose, and we be selling lots of them, lots of them "

Let me look at them I'll think it over" She walked to the lower counter The young man, a semi-dude of the cockney type, pulled off the line above a pair of purple half stockings in silk

'I'll take them home and try them," the fair buyer said "When Duchesses wear half-hose, other women must surely follow suit '

* * *

A Langtry gown! Yes a pure Langtry gown Mrs Astor wore it at her Newport Garden party in honor of her son and her son's new wife It was a beauty

Decollete, with a V in the back There was nothing absolutely new in that No But the newness came in the Athenian front which was really loose not confined a bit at the waist and it is whispered that Mrs Astor wore no stays,

* * *

A mania for down cushions has suddenly broken out in fashionable drawing rooms In fact it pervades society having become as necessary to polite existence as breathing

In the bird-nest boudoirs you see a down cushion wherever your eyes light

Madame or Mamselle rests her elbows on one when she chats with you, her head upon one when she listens to you and her feet upon one all the time you stay If you are up to snuff and like the new style and take a hint why you can enjoy the new comforts too, she is sure to have another set in her wardrobe

These dainty cushions are made of bits of antique silk your fair entertainer will tell you colonial affairs most of them relics of the Daughters of the Revolution or something of that sort Don t appear disturbed at this information, your hostess does not mean to soil her truthfulness she really purchased them at Mr So and So s the antique dealer on Fifth Avenue as genuine

* * *

Ruching, that is silken ruching, surah ruffled up or crepe in colors shirred into rosettes will trim the necks of the new princess gowns

* * *

Blazers are no where Their day has waned In the early spring they affectionately hugged the form of the fair debutante and married belle, also served the purpose of the worked-worn shop girl and the fast woman of the period, but their history is complete Everybody hates them now Good-bye blazer Welcome plaited waist and tight-fitting basque

* * *

Autumn leaf yellow is new. It is between primrose yellow, which you know is quite deep and canary yellow which is in the evening too light to be seen It is a color which will go well with blonde and brunette both Handsome evening gowns will be made of this shade

* * *

Before getting an Empire dress make a study of your anatomy Madame Bonaparte, Napoleon's mother, who they say set the style so many years ago had a slight, yes a very slight figure If the same history tells the truth, her waist took up only the space of an orange and a half round Mind you a woman with this kind of a waist set the style of Empire gowns, now ponder well whether your waist partakes of this thinness before you speculate in the new style.

* * *

Among fall fashion vagaries is the idea of women wearing buttonhole bouquets. One tiny flower and a leaf composes the requirements

* * *

Amelie Rives, the famous authoress, is said to be one of the most fearless horsewomen in the country In her home in Virginia she has a stable full of fire-eating mustangs from which she chooses the fiercest runners Upon his back she mounts with the grace and vigor of an old time Saracen and after a long and wild ride over the hills and meadows she returns to her desk and pen It is then her friends say, she does her best work

MARGARET HAMM

A Kind Hearted Judge.

Judge Q——, who once presided over a criminal Court down East, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

A man who had been convicted of stealing was brought into Court for sentence He looked very sad and hopeless, and the Court was much moved by his contrite appearance

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?' the judge asked

"Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears

"Don't cry—don't cry," said Judge Q—, consolingly "You're going to be now."—Youth's Companion.

Folve.

Teacher of Physiology—Now we will dissect this odd little animal But first Jimmy Phalig, will you tell me what we have here?

Jimmy—Faith and it's called a bat, sir.

Teacher—Very well. Now how many kinds of bats are there?

Jimmy—Faith, there are folve. The black bat, the red bat, the acrobat, the base ball bat, and the brick bat, sir —Pharmaceutical Era.

Miscellaneous

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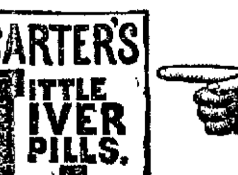

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SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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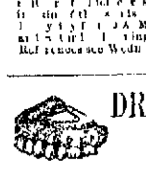

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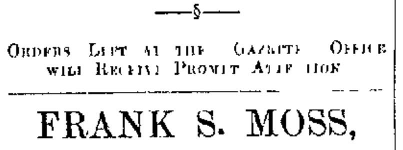

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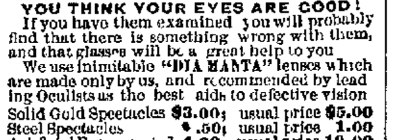

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